THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

MARCH 31, 1906 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

THE QUEST of the COLONIAL—By Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton

SOLOMON'S SEAL—By Robert W. Chambers

NO MORE DARNING
WEAR
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN Guaranteed to wear Six Months without holes FOR WOMEN

This is our guarantee which accompanies each box of Holeproof Hosiery —one Coupon for each pair.

WE GUARANTEE

that these Six Pairs of "Holeproof Hose" will need no darning for six months. If they should, we agree to replace them by new ones upon the surrender of this ticket with the worn pair and Coupon A, provided they are returned to us within six months from date of sale to wearers.

*Date of Sale*_____

*Signature of Dealer*_____

Holeproof Hosiery Co., Manufacturers
Milwaukee, Wis. U. S. A. No. **17790**

See that this Guarantee is dated and signed in INK by dealer on date of sale

Coupon No. 17790

A *Date of Sale*_____
Holeproof Hosiery Co.
Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.

Coupon No. 17790

B *Date of Sale*_____
Holeproof Hosiery Co.
Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.

Coupon No. 17790

C *Date of Sale*_____
Holeproof Hosiery Co.
Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.

Coupon No. 17790

D *Date of Sale*_____
Holeproof Hosiery Co.
Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.

Coupon No. 17790

E *Date of Sale*_____
Holeproof Hosiery Co.
Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.

Coupon No. 17790

F *Date of Sale*_____
Holeproof Hosiery Co.
Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.

Directions for Exchange of Hose

Customers must surrender the damaged Hose, the Guarantee Ticket, and one Coupon for each pair of Hose returned. Under no other circumstances can we make the exchange. With the first pair of damaged Hose we require the original Guarantee Ticket and Coupon A attached thereto; the remaining coupons must be retained and one returned with each subsequent pair of damaged goods.

Mail to us direct, and we will replace the same, charges prepaid.

Holeproof Hosiery Co.
Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.

We refer by permission to the Wisconsin National Bank of Milwaukee as to the integrity of the above guarantee.

THERE are many brands of hosiery on the market that look just as good as Holeproof—*before they are worn*, but in mere looks alone do they resemble Holeproof. The wonderful durability and wearing qualities of our famous brand are not discovered by casual examination—you must wear Holeproof Hosiery to know its real value; this is the only right test. If you buy hosiery on account of its good appearance, then you should buy Holeproof, because there is no finer looking hosiery made anywhere. The enormous sale of Holeproof Hosiery is not only due to its fine appearance, but also because it wears longer than any other kind and we guarantee every pair to wear for six months without holes.

Read What the Wearers Say

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 25, 1905.

Holeproof Hosiery Company,

GENTLEMEN:

Have worn the socks purchased from you nearly a year and am more than pleased with them. There is not a break in them as yet, and they seem good for some considerable service yet. I doubt if there is anyone who wore a hole in socks sooner than I did before I obtained your hosiery.

Respectfully,

J. H. SWERDFIGER.

1239 B St., S. E.

GREENFIELD, MASS., Sept. 8, 1905.

Holeproof Hosiery Company,

GENTLEMEN:—A year ago I purchased from you half a dozen pairs of your Holeproof Socks. Suffice it to say that I am still wearing those same six pairs; no, five pairs, for I sold one pair to my brother after I had found that I could not put a hole in them within the time covered by your guarantee.

The socks fully justified your claims for them. Comfort, quality, appearance, and wear are satisfactory. You may expect a further order as soon as these are gone.

Yours very truly,

ASBURY H. HERRICK.

LADORA, IA., Sept. 11, 1905.

The Holeproof Hosiery Company,

DEAR SIRS:

I bought a half dozen pairs of sox of you in May. I had no idea that a good soft sock could be made that would wear me a month, but they are going to do it. I enclose a draft for $3.50. Please send me a half dozen pairs of men's black, medium weight, cotton socks, No. 9½, and half a dozen pairs of ladies' stockings, black leg with white feet, No. 9, and oblige,

Yours truly,

H. C. GATES.

We have received thousands of letters like the above—Holeproof Hosiery is not an experiment—it has stood the real test for years.

The yarns used in making Holeproof Hosiery are an extra special, long-fibre selection and combination known only to ourselves. The knitting process is also a secret which we alone control.

Our Guarantee Insures Extra Value

Holeproof Hosiery is the only kind on the market in which the manufacturer has sufficient confidence to guarantee its wearing qualities. We realize that to some people our claims may sound "too good to be true," but the publishers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would not permit this advertisement to appear in their columns if we were not an absolutely reliable house. The distinct difference between Holeproof and other hosiery is all in favor of the person who wants real value for his or her money.

Men's Holeproof Sox

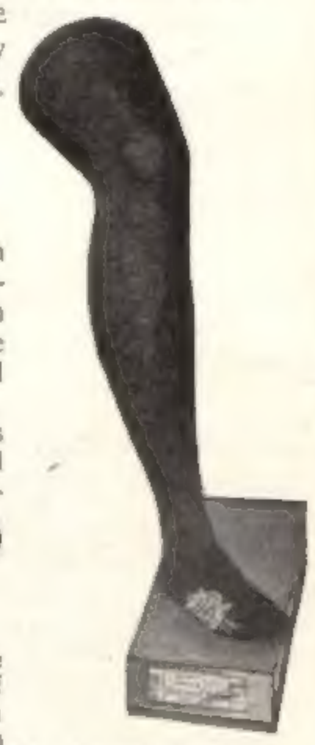
Fast colors, black, black legs with white feet, tan (light or dark), pearl, and navy blue. Sizes 9 to 12. The most comfortable sock for spring and summer wear.

Egyptian Cotton (medium or light weight). Sold only in boxes containing 6 pairs of one size, assorted colors if desired. Six months' guarantee ticket with each pair.
Price **$1.50**

Women's Holeproof Stockings

Fast colors, black, black legs with white feet, and tan. Sizes 8 to 11—extra reinforced garter tops, which prevent the garters from tearing the stockings. This is a feature of special importance to women.

Egyptian Cotton—sold only in boxes containing six pairs of one size, assorted colors if desired. Six months' guarantee ticket with each pair.
Price **$2.00**



How to Order Holeproof Hosiery

You can buy Holeproof Hosiery at most good stores. But if you have the least difficulty in obtaining them, we will supply you direct upon the receipt of price. *We pay all shipping charges.* If you find a dealer who is dishonest enough to tell you that some other brand of hosiery is just as good as Holeproof, ask him to guarantee the wearing qualities of the other brand. Of course he will refuse, because Holeproof is the only hosiery that is sold with a binding guarantee which insures its wearing for six months without holes. Don't accept the just-as-good kind—insist on Holeproof.

Handsome Booklet Free Write today for our handsome booklet, which gives full information regarding Holeproof Hosiery and the name of the dealer in your town who keeps a full line.

Holeproof Hosiery Co., 403 Fowler Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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By Robert W. Chambers

I

THE business of Keen & Co., Tracers of Lost Persons, had grown to enormous proportions; appointments for a personal interview with Mr. Keen were now made a week in advance; so when young Harren sent in his card the gaily-liveried negro servant came back presently, threading his way through the waiting throng with pomp and circumstance, and returned the card to Harren with the date of appointment written in ink across the top. The day named was Wednesday. On Tuesday Harren's leave expired.

"That won't do," said the young man brusquely; "I must see Mr. Keen to-day. I wrote last week for an appointment."

The liveried darky was polite, but obdurate.

"Dis here am de 'pintment, suh," he explained persuasively.

"But I want to see Mr. Keen at once," insisted Harren.

"Hit ain't no use, suh," said the darky respectfully; "dey's mi'ions an' mi'ions ob gemmen jess a-settin' roun' an' waitin' foh Mistuh Keen. In dis here perfeshion, suh, de fustest gemman dat has a 'pintment is de fustest gemman dat kin see Mistuh Keen. You is a military gemman yohse'f, Cap'm Harren, an' you is aware dat precedence am de rigger."

The bronzed young man smiled, glanced at the date of appointment written on his card, which also bore his own name followed by the letters U. S. A., then his amused gray eyes darkened and he glanced leisurely around the room, where a dozen or more assorted people sat waiting their turns to interview Mr. Keen: all sorts and conditions of people—smartly-gowned women, an anxious-browed business man or two, a fat German truck-driver, his greasy cap on his knees, a surly policeman, and an old Irishwoman, wearing a shawl and an ancient straw bonnet. Harren's eyes reverted to the darky.

"You will explain to Mr. Keen," he said, "that I am an army officer on leave, and that I am obliged to start for Manila to-morrow. This is my excuse for asking an immediate interview; and if it's not a good-enough excuse I must cancel this appointment, that is all." The darky stood, irresolute, inclined to argue, but something in the steel-gray eyes of the man set him in involuntary motion, and he went away once more with the young man's message. Harren turned and walked back to his seat. The old woman with the faded shawl was explaining volubly to a handsomely-gowned woman beside her that she was looking for her boy, Danny; that her name was Mrs. Regan, and that she washed for the aristocracy of Hunter's Point at a liberal price per dozen, using no deleterious substances in the suds as Heaven was her witness.

The German truck-driver, moved by this confidence, was stirred to begin an endless account of his domestic misfortunes, and old Mrs. Regan, becoming impatient, had already begun to interrupt with an account of Regan's recent hoisting on the wings of a premature petard, when the dark servant reappeared.

"Mistuh Keen will receive you, suh," he whispered, leading the way into a large room where dozens of attractive young girls sat very busily engaged at typewriting machines. Door after door they passed, all numbered on the ground-glass panes, then swung to the right, where the darky bowed him into a big, handsomely-furnished room flooded with the morning sun. A tall, gray man, faultlessly dressed in a gray frock suit and wearing white spats, turned from the breezy open window to inspect him; the lean, well-groomed, rather lank type of gentleman suggesting a retired colonel of cavalry; unmistakably well-bred from the ends of his drooping gray mustache to the last button on his immaculate spats.

"Captain Harren?" he said pleasantly.

"Mr. Keen?"

They bowed. Young Harren drew from his pocket a card. It was the business-card of Keen & Co., and, glancing up at Mr. Keen, he read it aloud, carefully:

KEEN & CO.

TRACERS OF LOST PERSONS

Keen & Co. are prepared to locate the whereabouts of anybody on earth. No charges will be made unless the person searched for is found.

Blanks on Application. WESTREL KEEN, Manager.

Harren raised his clear, gray eyes. "I assume this statement to be correct, Mr. Keen?"

"You may safely assume so," said Mr. Keen, smiling.

"Does this statement include *all* that you are prepared to undertake?"

The Tracer of Lost Persons inspected him coolly. "What more is there, Captain Harren? I undertake to find lost people. I even undertake to find the undiscovered ideals of young people who have failed to meet them. What further field would you suggest?"

Harren glanced at the card which he held in his gloved hand; then, very slowly, he re-read, "the whereabouts of anybody *on earth*," accenting the two last words deliberately as he encountered Keen's piercing gaze again.

"Well?" asked Mr. Keen laughingly, "is not that sufficient? Our clients could scarcely expect us to invade Heaven in our search for the vanished."

"There are other regions," said Harren.

"Exactly. Sit down, sir. There is a row of bookcases for your amusement. Please help yourself while I clear decks for action."

Harren stood fingering the card, his gray eyes lost in retrospection; then he sauntered over to the bookcases, scanning the titles. The Searcher for Lost Persons studied him for a moment or two, turned, and began to pace the room. After a moment or two he touched a bell. A sweet-faced young girl entered; she was gowned in black and wore a white collar, and cuffs turned back over her hands.

All Sorts and Conditions of People Sat Waiting Their Turns

"Take this memorandum," he said. The girl picked up a pencil and pad; and Mr. Keen, still pacing the room, dictated in a quiet voice as he walked to and fro:

"Mrs. Regan's Danny is doing six months in Butte, Montana. Break it to her as mercifully as possible. He is a bad one. We make no charge. The truck-driver, Becker, can find his wife at her mother's house, Leonia, New Jersey. Tell him to be less pig-headed or she'll go for good some day. Ten dollars. Mrs. M., No. 36001, can find her missing butler in service at 79 Vine Street, Hartford, Connecticut. She may notify the police whenever she wishes. His portrait is No. 170529, Rogues' Gallery. Five hundred dollars. Miss K. (No. 3679) may send her letter, care of Cisneros & Co., Rio, where the person she is seeking has gone into the coffee business. If she decides that she really does love him he'll come back fast enough. Two hundred and fifty dollars. Mr. W. (No. 3620) must go to the morgue for further information. His repentance is too late; but he can see that there is a decent burial. The charge: one thousand dollars to the Florence Mission. You may add that we possess his full record."

The Tracer paused and waited for the stenographer to finish. When she looked up: "Who else is waiting?" he asked.

The girl read over the initials and numbers.

"Tell that policeman that Kid Conroy sails on the Carania to-morrow. Fifty dollars. There is nothing definite in the other cases. Report progress and send out a general alarm for the cashier inquired for by No. 3608. You will find details in Volume XXXIX under B."

"Is that all, Mr. Keen?"

"Yes. I'm going to be very busy with"—turning slowly toward Harren—"with Captain Harren, of the Philippine Scouts, until to-morrow—a very complicated case, Miss Borrow, involving cipher codes and photography ——"

Harren started, then walked slowly to the centre of the room as the pretty stenographer passed out with a curious level glance at him.

"Why do you say that photography plays a part in my case?" he asked.

"Doesn't it?"

"Yes. But how ——"

"Oh, I only guessed it," said Keen with a smile. "I made another guess that your case involved a cipher code. Does it?"

"Y-es," said the young man, astonished, "but I don't see ——"

"It also involves the occult," observed Keen calmly. 'We may need Miss Borrow to help us."

Almost staggered, Harren stared at the Tracer out of his astonished gray eyes until that gentleman laughed outright and seated himself, motioning Harren to do likewise.

"Don't be surprised, Captain Harren," he said. "I suppose you have no conception of our business, no realization of its scope—its network of information bureaus all over the civilized world, its myriad sources of information, the immensity of its delicate machinery, the endless data and the infinitesimal details we have at our command. You, of course, have no idea of the number of people of every sort and condition who are in our employ, of the ceaseless yet inoffensive surveillance we maintain. For example, when your letter came last week I called up the person who has charge of the army list. There you were, Kenneth Harren, Captain Philippine Scouts, with the date of your graduation from West Point. Then I called up a certain department devoted to personal detail, and in five minutes I knew your entire history. I then touched another electric button, and in a minute I had before me the date of your arrival in New York, your present address, and"—he looked up quizzically at Harren—"and several items of general information, such as your peculiar use of your camera, and the list of books on Psychical Phenomena and Cryptograms which you have been buying ——"

Harren flushed up. "Do you mean to say that I have been spied upon, Mr. Keen?"

"No more than anybody else who comes to us as a client. There was nothing offensive in the surveillance." He shrugged his shoulders and made a deprecating gesture. "Ours is a business, my dear sir, like any other. We, of course, are obliged to know about people who call on us. Last week you wrote me, and I immediately set every wheel in motion; in other words, I had you under observation from the day I received your letter to this very moment."

"You learned much concerning me?" asked Harren quietly.

"*Ex*actly, my dear sir."

"But," continued Harren with a touch of malice, "you didn't learn that my leave is up to-morrow, did you?"

"Yes, I learned that, too."

"Then why did you give me an appointment for the day after to-morrow?" demanded the young man bluntly.

The Tracer looked him squarely in the eye. "Your leave is to be extended," he said.

"What?"

"*Ex*actly. It has been extended one week."

"How do you know that?"

"You applied for extension, did you not?"

"Yes," said Harren, turning red, "but I don't see how you knew that I ——"

"By cable?"

"Y-yes."

"There's a cablegram in your rooms at this very moment," said the Tracer carelessly. "You have the extension you desired. And now, Captain Harren," with a singularly pleasant smile, "what can I do to help you to a pursuit of that true happiness which is guaranteed for all good citizens under our Constitution?"

Captain Harren crossed his long legs, dropping one knee over the other, and deliberately surveyed his interrogator.

"I really have no right to come to you," he said slowly. "Your prospectus distinctly states that Keen & Co. undertake to find *live* people, and I don't know whether the person I am seeking is alive or—or ——"

His steady voice faltered; the Tracer watched him curiously.

"Of course, that is important," he said. "If she is dead ——"

"*She!*"

"Didn't you say 'she,' Captain?"

"No, I did not."

"I beg your pardon, then, for anticipating you," said the Tracer carelessly.

"Anticipating? *How* do you know it is not a man I am in search of?" demanded Harren.

"Captain Harren, you are unmarried and have no son; you have no father, no brother, no sister. Therefore I infer—several things—for example, that you are in love."

"I? In love?"

"Desperately, Captain."

"Your inferences seem to satisfy you, at least," said Harren almost sullenly, "but they don't satisfy me—clever as they appear to be."

"*Ex*actly. Then you are *not* in love?"

"I don't know whether I am or not."

"I do," said the Tracer of Lost Persons.

"Then you know more than I," retorted Harren sharply.

"But that is my business—to know more than you do," returned Mr. Keen patiently. "Else why are you here to consult me?" And as Harren made no reply: "I have seen thousands and thousands of people in love. I have reduced the superficial muscular phenomena and facial symptomatic aspect of such people to an exact science founded upon a schedule approximating the Bertillon system of records. And," he added, smiling, "out of the twenty-seven known vocal variations, your voice betrays twenty-five unmistakable symptoms; and out of the sixteen reflex muscular symptoms your face has furnished six, your hands three, your limbs and feet six. Then there are other superficial symptoms ——"

"Good Heavens!" broke in Harren; "how can you prove a man to be in love when he himself doesn't know whether he is or not? If a man isn't in love no Bertillon system can make him so; and if a man doesn't know whether or not he is in love, who can tell him the truth?"

"I can," said the Tracer calmly.

"What! When I tell you I myself don't know?"

"*That*," said the Tracer, smiling, "is the final and convincing symptom. *You* don't know. *I* know because you *don't* know. That is the easiest way to be sure that you are in love, Captain Harren, because you always are when you are not sure. You'd know if you were *not* in love. Now, my dear sir, you may lay your case confidently before me."

Harren, unconvinced, sat frowning and biting his lip and twisting his short, crisp mustache which the tropical sun had turned straw-color and curly.

"I feel like a fool to tell you," he said. "I'm not an imaginative man, Mr. Keen; I'm not fanciful, not sentimental. I'm perfectly healthy, perfectly normal—a very busy man in my profession, with no time and no inclination to fall in love."

"Just the sort of man who does it," commented Keen. "Continue."

Harren fidgeted about in his chair, looked out of the window, squinted at the ceiling, then straightened up, folding his arms with sudden determination.

"I'd rather be boloed than tell you," he said. "Perhaps, after all, I *am* a lunatic; perhaps I've had a touch of the Luzon sun and don't know it."

"I'll be the judge," said the Tracer, smiling.

"Very well, sir. Then I'll begin by telling you that I've seen a ghost."

"There are such things," observed Keen quietly.

"Oh, I don't mean one of those fabled sheeted creatures that float about at night; I mean a phantom—a real phantom—in the sunlight—standing before my very eyes in broad day! . . . Now do you feel inclined to go on with my case, Mr. Keen?"

"Certainly," replied the Tracer gravely. "Please continue, Captain Harren."

"All right, then. Here's the beginning of it: Three years ago, here in New York, drifting along Fifth Avenue with the crowd, I looked up to encounter the most wonderful pair of eyes that I ever beheld—that any living man ever beheld! The most—wonderfully—beautiful ——"

He sat so long immersed in retrospection that the Tracer said: "I am listening, Captain," and the Captain woke up with a start.

"What was I saying? How far had I proceeded?"

"Only to the eyes."

"Oh, I see! The eyes were dark, sir, dark and lovely beyond any power of description. The hair was also dark—very soft and thick and—er—wavy and dark. The face was extremely youthful and ornamental to the uttermost verges of a beauty so exquisite that, were I to attempt to formulate for you its individual attractions, I should, I fear, transgress the strictly rigid bounds of that reticence which becomes a gentleman in complete possession of his senses."

"*Ex*actly," mused the Tracer.

"Also," continued Captain Harren, with growing animation, "to attempt to describe her figure would be utterly useless, because I am a practical man and not a poet, nor do I read poetry or indulge in futile novels or romances of any description. Therefore I can only add that it was a figure, a poise, absolutely faultless, youthful, beautiful, erect, wholesome, gracious, graceful, charmingly buoyant and—well, I cannot describe her figure, and I shall not try."

"*Ex*actly; don't try."

"No," said Harren mournfully, "it is useless;" and he relapsed into enchanted retrospection.

"Who was she?" asked Mr. Keen softly.

"I don't know."

"You never again saw her?"

"Mr. Keen, I—I am not ill-bred, but I simply could not help following her. She was so b-b-beautiful that it hurt; and I only wanted to look at her; I didn't mind being hurt. So I walked on and on, and sometimes I'd pass her and sometimes I'd let her pass me, and when she wasn't looking I'd look—not offensively, but just because I *couldn't* help it. And all the time my senses were humming like a top and my heart kept jumping to get into my throat, and I hadn't a notion where I was going or what time it was or what day of the week. She didn't see me; she didn't dream that I was looking at her; she didn't know me from any of the thousand silk-hatted, frock-coated men who passed and repassed her on Fifth Avenue. And when she went into St. Berold's Church, I went, too, and I stood where I could see her and where she couldn't see me. It was like a touch of the Luzon sun, Mr. Keen. And then she came out and got into a Fifth Avenue stage, and I got in, too. And whenever she looked away I looked at her—without the slightest offense, Mr. Keen, until, once, she caught my eye ——"

He passed an unsteady hand over his forehead.

"For a moment we looked full at one another," he continued. "I got red, sir; I felt it, and I couldn't look away. And when I turned color like a blooming beet she began to turn pink like a rosebud, and she looked full into my eyes with such a wonderful purity, such exquisite innocence, that I—I never felt so near—er—Heaven in my life! No, sir, not even when they ambushed us at Manoa Wells—but that's another thing—only it is part of this business."

He tightened his clasped hands over his knee until the knuckles whitened.

"*That's* my story, Mr. Keen," he said crisply.

"All of it?"

Harren looked at the floor, then at Keen: "No, not all. You'll think me a lunatic if I tell you all."

"Oh, you saw her again?"

"N-never! That is ——"

"Never?"

"Not in—in the flesh."

"Oh, in dreams?"

Harren stirred uneasily. "I don't know what you call them. I have seen her since—in the sunlight, in the open, in my quarters in Manila, standing there perfectly distinct, looking at me with such strange, beautiful eyes ——"

"Go on," said the Tracer, nodding.

"What else is there to say?" muttered Harren.

"You saw her—or a phantom which resembled her. Did she speak?"

"No."

"Did you speak to her?"

"N-no. Once I held out my—my arms."

"What happened?"

"She wasn't there," said Harren simply.

"She vanished?"

"No—I don't know. I—I didn't see her any more."

"Didn't she fade?"

"No. I can't explain. She—there was only myself in the room."

"How many times has she appeared to you?"

"A great many times."

"In your room?"

"Yes. And in the road under a vertical sun; in the forest, in the paddy-fields. I have seen her passing through the hallway of a friend's house—turning on the stair to look back at me! I saw her standing just back of the firing-line at Manoa Wells when we were preparing to rush the forts, and it scared me so that I jumped forward to draw her back. But—she wasn't there, Mr. Keen. . . .

"On the transport she stood facing me on deck one moonlit evening for five minutes. I saw her in 'Frisco; she sat in the Pullman twice between Denver and this city. Twice in my room at the Vice-Regent she has sat opposite me at midday, so clear, so beautiful, so real, that—that I could scarcely believe she was only a—a ——" He hesitated.

"The apparition of her own sub-conscious self," said the Tracer quietly. "Science has been forced to admit such things, and, as you know, we are on the verge of understanding the alphabet of some of the unknown forces which we must some day reckon with."

Harren, tense, a trifle pale, gazed at him earnestly.

"Do *you* believe in such things?"

"How can I avoid believing?" said the Tracer. "Every day, in my profession, we have proof of the existence of forces for which we have as yet no explanation—or, at best, a very crude one. I have had case after case of premonition; case after case of dual and even multiple personality; case after case where apparitions played a vital part in the plot which was brought to me to investigate. I'll tell you this, Captain: I, personally, never saw an apparition, never was obsessed by premonitions, never received any communications from the outer void. But I have had to do with those who undoubtedly did. Therefore I listen with all seriousness and respect to what you tell me."

"Suppose," said Harren, growing suddenly red, "that I should tell you I have succeeded in photographing this phantom."

The Tracer sat silent. He was astounded, but he did not betray it.

"You have that photograph, Captain Harren?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"In my rooms."

"You wish me to see it?"

Harren hesitated. "I—there is—seems to be—something almost sacred to me in that photograph. . . . You understand me, do you not? Yet, if it will help you in finding her ——"

"Oh," said the Tracer in guileless astonishment, "you desire to find this young lady. Why?"

Harren stared. "Why? Why do I want to find her? Man, I—I can't live without her!"

"I thought you were not certain whether you really could be in love."

The hot color in the Captain's bronzed cheeks mounted to his hair.

"*Exactly*," purred the Tracer, looking out of the window. "Suppose we walk around to your rooms after luncheon. Shall we?"

Harren picked up his hat and gloves, hesitating, lingering on the threshold. "You *don't* think she is—a—dead?" he asked unsteadily.

"No," said Mr. Keen, "I don't."

"Because," said Harren wistfully, "her apparition is so superbly healthy and—and glowing with youth and life ——"

"That is probably what sent it half the world over to confront you," said the Tracer gravely; "youth and life aglow with spiritual health. I think, Captain, that she has been seeing you, too, during these three years, but, probably, only in her dreams—memories of your encounters with her sub-conscious self floating over continents and oceans in a quest of which her waking intelligence is innocently unaware."

The Captain colored like a schoolboy, lingering at the door, hat in hand. Then he straightened up to the full height of his slim, but powerful, figure.

"At three?" he inquired bluntly.

"At three o'clock in your room, Hotel Vice-Regent. Good-morning, Captain."

"Good-morning," said Harren dreamily, and walked away, head bent, gray eyes lost in retrospection, and on his lean, bronzed, attractive face an afterglow of color wholly becoming.

"Captain Harren, I Can See Nothing upon this Bit of Paper that Resembles in the Remotest Degree a Human Face or Figure"

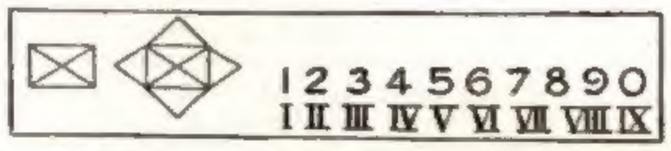
II

WHEN the Tracer of Lost Persons entered Captain Harren's rooms at the Hotel Vice-Regent that afternoon he found the young man standing at a centre table, pencil in hand, studying a sheet of paper which was covered with letters and figures.

The two men eyed one another in silence for a moment, then Harren pointed grimly to the confusion of letters and figures covering dozens of scattered sheets lying on the table.

"That's part of my madness," he said with a short laugh. "Can you make anything of such lunatic work?"

The Tracer picked up a sheet of paper covered with letters of the alphabet and Roman and Arabic numerals. He dropped it presently and picked up another comparatively blank sheet on which were the following figures:



He studied it for a while, then glanced interrogatively at Harren.

"It's nothing," said Harren. "I've been groping for three years—but it's no use. That's lunatics' work." He wheeled squarely on his heels, looking straight at the Tracer. "*Do* you think I've had a touch of the sun?"

"No," said Mr. Keen, drawing a chair to the table. "Saner men than you or I have spent a lifetime over this so-called Seal of Solomon." He laid his finger on the two symbols: Then, looking across the table at Harren: "What," he asked, "has the Seal of Solomon to do with your case?"

"*She* ——" muttered Harren, and fell silent.

The Tracer waited; Harren said nothing.

"Where is the photograph?"

Harren unlocked a drawer in the table, hesitated, looked strangely at the Tracer.

"Mr. Keen," he said, "there is nothing on earth I hold more sacred than this. There is only one thing in the world that could justify me in showing it to a living soul—my—my desire to find—her ——"

"No," said Keen coolly, "that is not enough to justify you—the mere desire to find the living original of this apparition. Nothing could justify your showing it unless you love her."

Harren held the picture tightly, staring full at the Tracer. A dull flush mounted to his forehead, and very slowly he laid the picture before the Tracer of Lost Persons.

Minute after minute sped while the Tracer bent above the photograph, his finely-modeled features absolutely devoid of expression. Harren had drawn his chair beside him, and now sat leaning forward, bronzed cheek resting in his hand, staring fixedly at the picture.

"When was this—this photograph taken?" asked the Tracer quietly.

"The day after I arrived in New York. I was here, alone, smoking my pipe and glancing over the evening paper just before dressing for dinner. It was growing rather dark in the room; I had not turned on the electric light. My camera lay on the table—there it is!—that kodak. I had taken a few snapshots on shipboard; there was one film left."

He leaned more heavily on his elbow, eyes fixed upon the picture.

"It was almost dark," he repeated. "I laid aside the evening paper and stood up, thinking about dressing for dinner, when my eyes happened to fall on the camera. It occurred to me that I might as well unload it, let the unused film go, and send the roll to be developed and printed; and I picked up the camera ——"

"Yes," said the Tracer softly.

"I picked it up and was starting toward the window where there remained enough daylight to see by ——"

The Tracer nodded gently.

"Then I saw *her*," said Harren under his breath.

"Where?"

"There—standing by that window. You can see the window and curtain in the photograph."

The Tracer gazed intently at the picture.

"She looked at me," said Harren, steadying his voice. "She was as real as you are, and she stood there, smiling faintly, her dark, lovely eyes meeting mine."

"Did you speak?"

"No."

"How long did she remain there?"

"I don't know—time seemed to stop—the world—everything grew still. . . . Then, little by little, something began to stir under my stunned senses—that germ of misgiving, that dreadful doubt of my own sanity. . . . I scarcely knew what I was doing when I took the photograph; besides, it had grown quite dark, and I could scarcely see her." He drew himself erect with a nervous movement. "How on earth could I have obtained that photograph of her in the darkness?" he demanded.

"N-rays," said the Tracer coolly. "It has been done in France."

"Yes, from living people, but ——"

"What the N-ray is in living organisms we must call, for lack of a better term, the sub-aura in the phantom."

They bent over the photograph together. Presently the Tracer said: "She is very, very beautiful."

Harren's dry lips unclosed, but he uttered no sound.

"She is beautiful, is she not?" repeated the Tracer, turning to look at the young man.

(Continued on Page 15)

THE QUEST *of the* COLONIAL

By Robert and Elizabeth SHACKLETON

Examples of Charming Old Chairs of Simple Design, None of Which is of Mahogany. Beginning at the Left: 1—Slat-Back Rocker from the Shakers; 2—Old Painted and Gilt Chair; 3—Style Called Fancy by Sheraton; 4—Armchair to Match; 5—Ante-Revolutionary Period, a New York Chair Showing Marked Dutch Influence

MAKING A BEGINNING

WITH ourselves, the kettle began it! Or was it the first pair of candlesticks! Or the Shaker chair! Rather, it would seem, on looking back upon the gradual inception of the plan, that it was the combined influence of the chair and the candlesticks and the kettle.

The kettle—a charming ebony-handled thing, squat, round, of captivating curves, the body of it made in two parts but with such skill that the brazed edge almost defies detection, and there is thus the air of having been hammered out of a single sheet—came ancestrally, having crossed the ocean many decades ago.

The candlesticks caught the eye, one day, by a felicitous chance, on the window-ledge of a shop prosaically devoted to the buying and selling of scrap metal. They are nine and a quarter inches high and of excellent design. Indeed, after all these following years of quest and success, they stand honorably among our treasured acquisitions. Very dirty they were, those brasses, in that old-metal window, and the fragments of tallow dip candles were green in their sockets. They were indubitably old as well as graceful, and they were offered and purchased at the price of twenty cents apiece. To be sure, they needed burnishing, but that was but a small matter.

The chair was an acquisition still more delightful in the course of its coming. For there was a Shaker settlement near the city where we used to live, and it was a pleasure to visit there, so hospitable were the kindly aged folk, and amid such an aroma of sweetness did they lead their celibate lives.

We wondered at times, finding them so gently cordial to us, when we knew that the cold text of their religion taught them to be distrustful of people of the outside world and to hold but necessary communication with them, whether they hoped to draw us in as proselytes for their community, so sorely in need of younger blood; but if they ever cherished the hope that we should find inward and spiritual grace among them they assuredly gave no outward and visible sign that such was their thought. They were hospitable, in a simple, old-fashioned way, and we were welcome to enter their doors, to walk through their halls, with polished floors, covered with long strips of rag carpeting, and with everywhere an odor of herbs and of sanctity; we were welcome at their meals of bread and butter, and fried chicken, and jelly of apple and sauce of pear, when, in silence, the men ate at a long table at one side of the great dining-room and the women, as silent, at the other. Back to back they sat, with the broad space between; and one standing in the middle would have seen, on the one hand, a line of men's heads bent over the table, a row of blue coats with tails carefully parted on either side of the low-backed chairs, and, on the other side, a row of little muslin caps and plain tippets and dresses of calico.

These people, self set apart from the world, showed us the inside corners of their warm hearts; and it seems, looking back upon it, as if the taste for the quaint and the old-fashioned, even then strong within us, was strengthened by knowing these folk, who seemed like veritable bits out of the past. They themselves realized that there was something in accord between us, and one of the oldest of the Sisters gave us her own particular chair which had been made specially for her, in her youth, when she taught sewing to the children whom they then had in their school.

It is a slender, narrow rocker, with slim, high back; impossible to rock, indeed, for the dear old lady had found it liable to tip over backward, or to threaten to tip, and so had had one of the Brothers saw off the rockers short and fasten on the stubby ends prohibitive bits of cork. The chair, charmingly proportioned, with low-set arms, has nothing about it that is elaborate—the code of Shakerism allows nothing of display; but it is most carefully made, is splint-bottomed, with a curious variety of Roman-key design, and the ends of the arms and the tops of the side pieces end in delicately ovaled knobs. The chair stands in our guest-room, holding in remembrance the kindly folk, hundreds of miles from where we now are, by whom, long ago, we were made welcome guests.

Brass Andirons, Unusually Heavy, and "Rights and Lefts." They were Made for This Fireplace

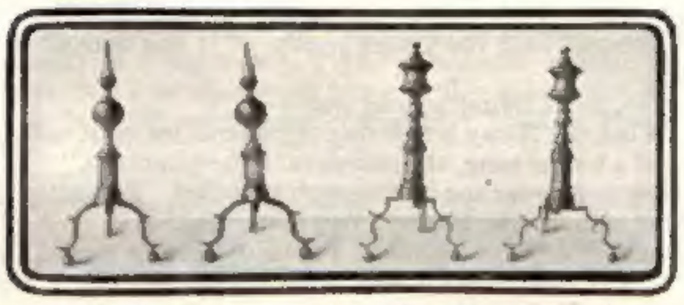
And so, from the possession of these grew the idea of outfitting our home with the charming and stately furniture of the past, with the mahogany and the walnut, the brass and the china, of the olden time. Even with this beginning, the idea was slowly adopted, with much of hesitating demur as to the possibility of it all. For, until we had well begun, the plan seemed so impractical, so impracticable!

This sense of the ultimate futility of the attempt, even after a few delightful acquisitions, was strong within us because of our living in a city of the Middle West, where old-fashioned furniture is, necessarily, far less common than in the Eastern States; but even had we then lived in the East there would have been little encouragement offered. Survey of the charming things of long ago is offered with generous freedom, alike in the superb collections of public organizations and in the fine old Colonial mansions, in various States, given into the charge of patriotic societies and filled by them with the furniture of the past. But the line between seeing and acquiring is closely drawn. Those who show with opulent freedom will only suggest, for purchasing, to go directly and prosaically to the shops where things with claim to age are sold.

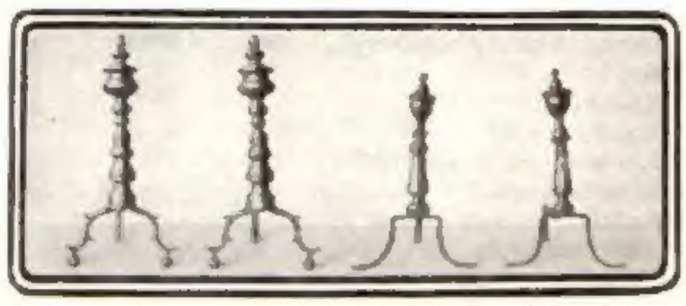
But it was no part of our scheme to obtain our treasure prosaically or from sources open to any degree of doubt. From the very first we experienced, with the joy of having, the concomitant joy in getting. With our earliest acquisitions—the Shaker chair, the candlesticks and the kettle—there was the tang of some delightful association and the charm of the personal touch; and we were resolved, having delightfully begun, not to be content with methods and results less interesting.

And here, first, is the fact which, little appreciated, lies at the bottom of it all. There is, as yet, no essential scantiness of supply of the delightful and desirable old! There is just enough of scantiness to render the quest alluring.

And it would be strange if there were any prohibitive scantiness. A century ago there were in existence millions of pieces of furniture of the shapes that are now held in admiration. Things that are now the possessions of a few were then the common possession of all. In one single year, near the opening of the century just past, the shop of a single Connecticut maker turned out the movements for three thousand tall clocks. Other things were made in numbers proportionate—tables, chairs, bureaus, andirons, candlesticks. So many were the mechanics engaged in the manufacture of furniture, that



1—Pair of Brass Andirons from Blennerhassett, Specially Described. 2—A Brass Pair from Tallahassee



1—Brass Andirons from Near the Connecticut Line. This is the Oldest Design of the Four Pair and is Probably of About 1770. 2—Brass Pair from New York State. These are the Youngest of the Lot, Probably About 1820

Beginning at the Left: 1—Pair of Old Sheffield Plate with Concave Panels and Beaded Edges. Note the Unexpected Slenderness in Places. 2—Single Brass Squat Stocky. 3—The Pair from the Junk Shop, Among Our Very First Acquisitions. 4—Old Brass Bedroom Candlestick. 5—Old Snuffers: Steel Damascened, Brass, Wrought-Iron. 6—Silver, with Beaded Edge and Extinguisher, from United States Navy. 7—Pair of Slender Fluted Brass. 8—Single Sheffield Plate, Very Fine Design, Cost Ten Cents. 9—Single Sheffield Plate, Fluted Columns. 10—Single Sheffield Plate

the trade came to be in some degree specialized, and there were men engaged in nothing but the construction of Windsor chairs!

All of these millions of articles were not destroyed, all were not worn out and thrown away or turned over to museums. An enormous total is still in existence; great numbers of pieces may be sought out and secured by the collector of to-day.

Realizing this—and how few realize it!—it is but a matter of learning where to seek with the greatest prospect of finding.

Although it is in the East that far the greater number remain in existence, we found that in the Middle West there came many a fine specimen by ox-cart from Connecticut to the shores of Lake Erie; many were flat-boated down the Ohio in the early days of settlement or trailed through Cumberland Gap by the pioneers of Kentucky; and farther South, many a piece went westward from the Carolinas, or, entering the Mississippi, stayed at some point along the river's banks. Although the bulk of furniture remained in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, or elsewhere near the coast, the early folk of Cleveland and Louisville and St. Louis, of Pittsburg, Cincinnati and New Orleans, were not without old treasures. In what was deemed the backwoods there were houses of log or of hewed timber in which family silver alternated with gourds, and in which fine mahogany stood on puncheon floors. And, in the West as in the East, during the period that the taste prevailed—the taste which has so strongly revived—additional furniture was made, on the graceful lines of the old, by local cabinetmakers. And outside of the known lines of travel and of settlement, many a piece of fine design has wandered erratically to some unexpected spot and is waiting to be discovered and appropriated.

Theoretically, there is no reason, except the powerful one that the old was all hand-made, why the furniture of to-day is not fully as beautiful as that of the past. But it is not, any more than the churches of to-day equal the ancient cathedrals. In such cases it is matter of fact, not of theory. The graceful lines and proportions, in furniture, are mainly of a bygone era, save in the cases of successful imitations. And, in addition to the actual grace, the actual beauty, there is the charm of association with an interesting past. The tender grace of a day that is dead lingers about the stately fireirons of the time of Washington or the beautiful chair which was used in a house of Revolutionary fame. The charm once felt, it never disappears.

There are so many directions in which one may profitably go, in the search of the old, that it must needs be matter for needful planning. By a judicious distribution of vacation trips many a point can be touched. By those of greater leisure there can be any degree of expeditionary meanderings. Business often takes one to a treasure-trove.

The quest will be likely to last over years. But it is such an enjoyable quest, in its experiences as well as in its rewards, that one does not wish it to be shorter. Old-time acquisitions can never be very greatly prized if, with a full pocketbook a visit is made to a dealer, and instructions given to outfit the house. It is the personal touch which comes from the personal finding, it is the definite association, it is the knowledge that one knows precisely what, in each case, one is getting, it is the personal adventure, and oftentimes the personal history, that give value, in addition to the value the find has intrinsically.

With patience and attention, with watchfulness and an ever-ready preparedness to take advantage when opportunity offers, the search for the furniture of our forefathers is as easy as it is full of delight and of surprises. But, first, some misconceptions must be put away. In America no one, no matter how wealthy, can fill his house with genuine pieces of the seventeenth century, for the museums and a few old families have almost every piece. Few, no matter how wealthy, can fill their houses with pieces of a period anterior to the Revolution. And it is because of these facts, which are well known, that the gathering of furniture of the olden time is looked upon as an insuperable task.

Fortunately, it was not until more than a quarter of a century after the close of the Revolution that the commonizing change in the making of furniture began. The triumph of the styles of Heppelwhite and of Sheraton came late in the eighteenth century. The triumphant beauty of the early Empire came, as the name denotes, in the nineteenth.

But, in spite of this, the term "Colonial" is attached to all of the furniture of the early time and the early shapes. It has come to be so generally employed, and is a term in itself so suggestive and so sonorous, that it would be invidious indeed to strive to limit its use with chilly literalness.

(Concluded on Page 20)

Old Urn and Kettles. Beginning at the Left: Copper, Iron, Sheffield Plate, Brass, Bronze

JOAQUISTITA

Robert Henry's Own Story of His Captivity and Enslavement

INEZ MARTINEZ

THE four of us spent a few weeks in San Francisco getting rid of a part of the money we had so easily obtained by the sale of the Stonewall Jackson Mine, but before long we began to hunger for the mountains and for the free life of the trail. We had, moreover, heard a great deal from fellow-miners about the wonderful silver mines in the northern States of Mexico, and how, in addition to much valuable country that as yet undoubtedly remained undiscovered and unclaimed, there were, all through the Sierra Madres, mines of extraordinary richness which had in old times been worked by the Jesuits and abandoned for various reasons, either because the levels had become too difficult for their comparatively primitive methods, or on account of their own expulsion from Mexico by the order of the Government. Although we discounted most of these stories, we received, nevertheless, information of credible character.

Most of this had come from a man named Clarence King whom I had met in Virginia City and later in San Francisco, and who had become one of the very best friends I had. He was the most expert metallurgist I ever knew and at one time held the post of mineralogist to the United States Government. I do not recall whether we heard it from King or not, but somehow we learned of a once valuable, but now abandoned, property lying in one of the spurs of the Sierra Madres of Sinaloa.

We accordingly took steamer to Mazatlan, procured a complete outfit and made our way up the river Del Presidio. It was our first visit to the Sierra Madre, that wonderful country of dreamy mountains which was so soon to become the scene of my most arduous labors and ultimately the place of my captivity. The land rose steadily from the placid waters of the Gulf of California, and as we ascended the river the landscape about us changed gradually from semi-tropical to temperate. It was early autumn and clear, blue, cloudless days succeeded one another. All about us rose tier after tier of majestic mountains, ridge piled upon ridge, until they seemed like a frozen sea of gigantic billows. Along the river-banks the cottonwoods gave place to splendid growths of maple, cedar, and higher up the pines. The air was warm, yet sparkling. Birds of beautiful plumage flew about us, and huge woodpeckers, fully two feet in length, with scarlet crests, tapped industriously the fallen trees.

Near the headwaters of the river, and some fifty miles from the little town of Totnero, we located on the side of the mountain the mine of which we had heard. We had positive knowledge that this mine had not been worked for over one hundred and fifty years, and under the existing laws of Mexico it was necessary in order to preserve ownership to keep two men continuously at work upon the property. Thus, we had, so far as we could see, a perfectly clear claim. We were all of us in high spirits and felt sure that we should easily make our future in this wonderful land of abandoned treasure. Moreover, we had plenty of money and could afford to begin operations on a proper scale. We commenced by cutting in a tunnel to a distance of about one hundred and fifty feet. This cost us in the neighborhood of two thousand dollars, and after cutting through the ledge we sent samples to the nearest mountain establishment, distant some four or five miles. The report was exceedingly encouraging, and in fact it looked as though we had struck a bonanza at the first step. We therefore engaged a hundred more Mexicans and set vigorously to work.

About two weeks later we awoke one fine morning to find our camp entirely surrounded by Sinaloan soldiers who had also taken possession of the mine itself. The lieutenant in command, a rather nice young fellow, who seemed fully to appreciate the unpleasant character of the situation, informed us in a sympathetic manner that the entire property was owned by Governor Bachecco. Of course, this was the most barefaced sort of a fraud, and the whole thing must have been the result of the connivance of the Mexicans at the assay office with the governor's representatives. There was no use kicking against the pricks, especially when the pricks happened to be the bayonets at the end of a hundred Mexican carbines, but we treated that lieutenant and his command to a practical illustration of the richness of the English vocabulary. Murphy in particular stormed up and down the camp, shaking his fist in the face of every little Mexican soldier he met. Afterward I heard some of Bachecco's men calling each other "spalpeeno" in fun.

There was nothing to do except to pack up, pocket our loss, and swear to get even with the governor if we could. We were all fighters and had no intention of sitting down calmly and doing nothing. The governor lived at Sinocapa, but his official residence was at Culiacan, and hither we traveled as fast as our horses and the steamboat would carry us. Bachecco proved to be in town and we accordingly demanded an interveiw, which was accorded to us. As we crossed the courtyard leading to the main entrance of the *residencia*, I caught sight of a young girl, about seventeen years of age, who was certainly one of the most beautiful Spanish maidens I have ever seen. She was standing at an open window, surrounded by flowers. I

Editor's Note—This is the second installment of the narrative of Robert Henry's curious adventures, of which each installment is an episode complete in itself.

Murphy Stormed Up and Down

inquired of the soldier beside me who she was, to which he replied, "*La belle Anita.*" He told me she was Bachecco's only daughter. Our entrance into the *residencia* cut off further comment.

We found Bachecco to be a middle-sized, vacant-faced Spaniard, from whose expression it was absolutely impossible to discover anything of what was passing in his mind. He listened politely to our grievance, and then expressed the sincerest regret that we should have lost our money and have been put to such a vast amount of trouble and disappointment. However, he assured us that *he* owned the mine. It was all very unfortunate; very much to be lamented. Still, what could he do? It was his.

I asked him why he hadn't worked it for the last one hundred and fifty years. To this he replied without a tremor that he *had*—was working it right along. Now, what could you do with a man like that?

Murphy lifted up his voice and swore. Bachecco didn't move a muscle of his face, but merely touched a little silver bell and a soldier came in and stood behind him. The governor again expressed his sincere regret. He was quite ready to discuss the matter, but his answer was simply a traverse of all our statements. He suggested that it would have been a good thing if we had come to him before starting out on our expedition. He didn't say why. He obviously expected us to ask. Then he hinted that if we cared to make him a silent partner in our undertakings hereafter he could put us into a lot of good things that were lying around everywhere.

"Tell him to go to thunder!" shouted Murphy, unable longer to restrain himself. And I did so—in polite language. I also tried to impress upon him the fact that we were Americans and didn't propose to be imposed upon: he would hear from us again.

At the door Murphy, who went out last, turned around and in good plain American called down the vengeance of Heaven upon the governor's bullet-head. He and his were to be blighted—his mules were to contract contagious diseases—his crops to wither—his pigs to die—and his cows to go dry. In fact, it was a regular old-fashioned curse—the kind that, delivered in the right way, sends the shivers creeping down your spine. Bachecco didn't enjoy it by any means, for, although he could not speak English, he could gather what Murphy meant, and he turned quite white and crossed himself, and fingered a little silver cross that hung about his neck.

From Culiacan we went back to Mazatlan, where we interviewed the United States Consul, who, unfortunately, was unable to give us any encouragement whatever. We talked the matter over and decided that the only thing to do was to go to Washington and lay the matter before the Government. Accordingly, as I had not seen my parents since my departure from home—now a matter of nearly six years—I volunteered to go. My partners were to continue prospecting through the Sierra Madre and I was to join them on my return, wherever they happened to be. My journey home was a pleasant one, and I found myself rather a hero when I reached Fishkill. I had grown from a boy into a man, and the comrades of my youth seemed strangely immature and undeveloped. After a brief stay at home, I hastened on to Washington, where Clarence King introduced me to Mr. Blaine, who was then Secretary of State.

Accompanied by Senator Miller, I explained the case to him in full. He showed the intensest interest, gained a thorough knowledge of the case in a remarkably short space of time, and laid the matter before the Mexican Government. He was a truly great man. For a time the matter was vigorously pushed, until the deaths of Mr. Blaine and Senator Miller put an end to any hope I had of ever accomplishing any result through governmental action. At this time, I am sorry to say, the United States did not espouse with any great enthusiasm the interests of its citizens engaged in mining operations in foreign lands.

During my stay in Washington I had renewed my friendship with King, who now suggested that my partners and myself should, on my return to Mexico, associate ourselves with him in working a silver mine once operated by the Jesuits and located near the town of Sombrerete in the State of Zacatecas. The mine had not been touched since it had been exploited by the fathers a couple of hundred years before. The proposition sounded very attractive, and in any event it would have been a pleasure and a privilege to work either with or for King, so I agreed to do so, provided, of course, my partners would consent.

Two months later found us at Sombrerete hard at work on our new proposition. With King behind us, there was no fear of any Governor Bachecco butting in, and we found, as our new employer or partner had suspected, that the mine, though fairly well worked, was exceedingly rich. The Jesuits' method was to put a station in the shaft every fifty feet and install a windlass and a mule to pump out the water. In this particular mine, where they had reached a depth of six hundred feet, they had found the flow of water so strong that they had been compelled to abandon it. King, knowing the exceeding value of these mines, decided to operate them in the most effective manner possible. He accordingly procured all the latest inventions in machinery, built a large hoisting works, a ten-stamp mill, and put in a pump that would throw over six hundred feet.

I took charge of clearing out the old, or, as it was called, the San Pedro, shaft. At a depth of only one hundred feet we came upon a station where the drifts ran in three different directions, one of which we found had been bulkheaded up. It was rather extraordinary to find a bulkhead for the purpose of keeping out water at that level, and if that had been the object the mass of water behind it would have been enormous. At any rate, it was important to find out what was there. I discovered that the old Spaniards must have possessed the secret of making an extraordinary cement, for that in the bulkhead exceeded, for quality and strength, any I had ever beheld.

I immediately ordered all the Mexicans to the top of the mine, and with only Benson and the foreman started in to open up the wall, which I did by making first an opening of only an inch or so square. Imagine our surprise when no water came out. I then broke away the hole until it was large enough to admit my body, and, taking the candle in my hand, entered what seemed to be a cave hewn out of the solid rock. By the faint light I saw to my surprise and horror the figures of two men and three women reclining upon the floor all dressed in what seemed to me to be the costly raiment of the time of Ferdinand the Second of Spain. Their hands were crossed upon their breasts and they lay upon their sides apparently in sleep, while the jewels on their necks and fingers shot back the beams of the candle. The air about me was absolutely still and the flame burned steadily and bright, reaching up in a long, thin stream toward the ceiling of the cave. Neither was there odor of any sort in that dry atmosphere. My heart leaped in my breast and the blood hummed in my ears—I was afraid—terribly afraid. The next moment I realized that the silent ones upon the floor were dead, yet I could almost have sworn that I had seen them breathe.

Benson whispered something and we stepped silently forward, moving with the utmost caution in order, as it seemed, that we might not wake those who had slumbered there so long. At the first female figure I stopped and lowered my candle. She had evidently been a young woman of about thirty years, well-featured, her eyelashes and brows and thick raven hair still undisturbed, her eyes closed, and her mouth parted as if in sleep. Upon her neck rested a turquoise necklace, and upon the middle finger of the left hand an emerald ring. As we knelt beside her she sank into herself, shrinking and disappearing beneath our very eyes—collapsing, as it were, like a child's balloon pricked by a pin. The skin shriveled hollow upon the cheeks, the bosom fell beneath its covering, the sleeves and arms dropped from the shoulders, and the head twisted sideways and rested, disconnected from the body, upon its nose. We both gasped aloud and scrambled to our feet. Where before had been the fair semblance of a woman, there lay a straggling pile of bones, clothing, dust and jewels.

"Bah! Let's get out of here!" exclaimed Benson. "I'm not in the cemetery business."

"Look!" I cried. For as Benson spoke one by one the bodies collapsed, disintegrating into a grayish-yellow dust. We had now no fear of the place and decided that we might as well take the jewels before closing up the tomb. I therefore scraped away the dust and procured the ornaments, which consisted of rings, bracelets, necklaces, buckles, buttons, clasps and a Spanish medal, all of which I presented to the church of San Xavier in Sombrerete.

King was much interested to find out who these five unfortunate persons could be, and as Carroll was a good deal of a scholar (could speak and read French, Italian, German and Spanish) he asked him to investigate the records in San Xavier's. In the towns of Mexico the historical records are not kept as with us in halls of record or registers of deeds, but in the churches. It took Carroll three whole days to do it, but he finally found some old manuscripts which gave the entire history of these people, and showed that they were political prisoners sent out from Spain to be entombed alive. The records are there yet, but I forget the names of the prisoners or for what crimes, if any, they were punished.

In a month or two more my partners and I, believing that we could do better by working some property in which we owned the entire interest, started northwest again on our old business of prospecting. Once more we plunged into the fastnesses of the Sierra Madre, working from Zacatecas through Durango, and west over into Sinaloa, then back eastward through Chihuahua, and across again

Carroll and I Took Turns in Holding the Child

to Sonora. It was a haphazard, happy-go-lucky life, and although we found many abandoned mines, and many indications of silver, we were always looking for something better. From time to time we stumbled upon indications of a prehistoric race among the mountains, cave dwellings (some of them large enough for a tiny village), ancient bridges, walls evidently used for fortifications, and strange markings upon the cliffs of birds and beasts, but never anything very like what I afterward saw in Joaquistita. At last, always working northward, we neared the Rio de Bavispe and established ourselves in the mountains about a hundred miles north of the town of Santa Maria in Sonora. Here we built a large cabin in a beautiful grove of tall pines, and for several weeks spent our time in riding leisurely over the mountains and in excursions to the neighboring Mexican towns. This was the scene of my first and only romance.

I was now twenty-one years old, strong, athletic, sure of foot and a keen shot with the rifle; I had already seen as much of the world as most men in the course of their entire lives; I was weary with traveling and of the life and hardships of the camp, and I had never been in love. Here in these beautiful, mysterious mountains, with the stately pines all about me and the sky always blue over my head, I began to long for a home of my own and a more settled form of life.

The nearest town of any importance was, as I have suggested, Santa Maria, and to that place we were accustomed to ride every week or so to buy supplies and to talk with our fellow-beings. The largest landowner for miles about was a haughty old Spaniard by the name of Pedro Martinez, who occupied the proud position of a sort of prince of the country, for in addition to possessing many square miles of territory over which roamed countless herds of cattle, he had farm upon farm fruitful almost beyond imagination. He lived in a beautiful old hacienda not far from Santa Maria with an enormous household of peons and servants, as well as his two sons and only daughter, Inez. The girl was at this time about seventeen, lithe, graceful, an expert rider, and enjoying vastly more freedom than her countrywomen in the larger cities. I have a miniature of her before me as I write which shows her small, shapely head covered with heavy rolling hair, and her sweet, wistful smile and deep black eyes.

The first time I saw her was on horseback with her father, riding toward the village as we were leaving it for our camp, and without a moment's thought I wheeled my horse and followed them. After that I practically lived in Santa Maria, and, although her father had a fierce hatred for the Americanos, I managed somehow, as a lover always will, to meet the object of my affections. In spite of the fact that we had but few opportunities for meeting, I prosecuted my suit with such ardor that before long Inez promised to marry me, and even to follow me to the United States, if necessary. At the first suggestion of the matter to her father he flew into such a furious fit of anger that he became almost apoplectic and ordered her never to set eyes upon me again. There was nothing left for me, therefore, but to take the law into my own hands, and that night Inez left the hacienda and made her escape from her father's home by the big gate, which was opened for her by an old Spanish woman, her godmother, half servant, half relative, named Cantana. I was waiting, and we rode away in search of a priest or clergyman to unite us as man and wife. We dared not remain near Santa Maria, however, and so we were forced to ride all the way to Bisbee, Arizona, before we could find any one to marry us. Here by some odd chance we came upon an old fellow named Spalding, a Hard-shell Baptist, who performed the ceremony. Then we turned our horses' heads south again and rode back to the mountain camp where Murphy, Benson and Carroll were waiting for us.

Our happiness was short-lived. We continued prospecting in a leisurely fashion, sometimes even going away for a night or two from the camp, but on these occasions I supplied Inez with plenty of arms and ammunition, and I had absolute faith that we had nothing whatever to fear in our mountain fortress.

Several months after my marriage the four of us went to inspect an old mine of which we had heard, some seventy-five miles to the east across the mountains. The trip occupied three days, and although we found nothing to repay us, the fine weather and the soft, balmy air put us in the highest spirits and set us all laughing and singing at the slightest pretext. As we came down the mountain trail toward the camp about sunset, I looked eagerly for the blue smoke which should have been rising above the tall pines in the grove where our cabin had been built. There was none. It had been my wife's custom to ride up the trail to meet us and welcome us on our return, but nowhere did I see her gay colored cloak or scarf, or hear the noise of her horse's hoofs, or the roll of a loosened stone. No sound broke the intensity of that awful stillness, no bird sang its evening song among the bushes, only above the three-hundred-foot pines of the ancient grove four or five vultures circled languidly against the blue, dropping from time to time, and rising again with fluttering wings.

Putting spurs to our tired horses, we galloped down the trail and into the grove—the cabin was a mass of blackened ruins.

Everywhere lay scattered the little homely comforts which we had provided for our wilderness life. A broken rifle lay across the threshold, and big splashes of blood spattered the green sward. The turf was marked by the tread of countless hoofs, and not far distant were

And That Night Inez Left the Hacienda and Made Her Escape from Her Father's Home by the Big Gate

two roughly-made graves. Almost bereft of my senses, I threw myself upon the ground and covered my eyes. The others hastily turned up the earth in the shallow graves.

Staring up through that of the first lay Juan Martinez, my wife's elder brother, and in the other a peon in the employ of my father-in-law!

The shouts of my companions brought me to their side, and, horrible as was the sight, it put new life and hope into my soul, for there was good reason to believe that Inez had escaped alive and had sold her liberty dearly. We sprang upon our horses and started for a little Mexican town which lay only a couple of miles to the west of us, but here the inhabitants refused us any information whatsoever, since they were all under the influence of Martinez and either directly or indirectly in his employ.

We therefore rode on toward Santa Maria, which we reached the following evening. But here we fared no better and we could learn nothing. Pedro was at home in the hacienda, but no one would tell us whether he had been away or not. The townsfolk shrugged their shoulders to all our questions. It was hopeless to attack the hacienda; we could do nothing, admittance was refused us, and, after lingering two weeks in the town without result, we rode back to the mountains and built us a new camp a few miles from the site of the old one.

How I lived through the next six months I cannot tell. I was heart-broken and sick of life. I did not know whether my wife was alive or dead, or if alive where or how she was. Every week one of us made an ineffectual trip to Santa Maria in search of information.

One night there rode into the camp a peon, whom I recognized as being in the employ of Martinez, and who handed me a letter which, by the light of the campfire, Carroll spelled out for me. It was from Cantana, and contained the news that the day after the capture, six months before, my wife had died at the hacienda, that her last words had been of me, and that she had exacted a sacred promise from her godmother that as soon as her new-born child was old enough she would deliver him safely to me. If I was ready to receive him I was to come to the gate of the hacienda at twelve o'clock two nights later. I gave the peon some money and he promised to deliver the message to Cantana that I would be there without fail. Grief-stricken as I was at the news which I had received, I was at least happy in the thought that I had a son who might live to comfort me and to keep fresh the blessed memory of his mother.

Accordingly, the next night but one we rode to the gate of the hacienda with two relays of horses, and promptly at the hour of midnight the gate rattled, swung back upon its hinges, and Cantana emerged carrying what seemed to be a bundle in her arms. My heart beat wildly as I sprang down and clasped the little one to my breast, while Benson, Murphy and Carroll sat silently on their horses in the moonlight beside me. My son opened his eyes, looked up at me and smiled, then closed them again. Cantana kissed him good-by and then I wrapped my coat about him and passed the precious bundle up to Carroll. Old Cantana was weeping as I clasped her hand.

"Where is Inez buried?" I whispered.

Without replying, she pointed in through the gate of the hacienda. A great wave of sorrow and longing for my dear one passed over me, and involuntarily I took a step in the direction indicated, but at the same moment there were sounds of wild shouting, confused outcries, and lights flashing through the underbrush. Cantana sprang to the gate and locked it with the ponderous old-fashioned key fast upon the outside, at the same time bidding me make good my escape.

"I will return by another way," she said. "They will think he has been stolen by ladrones!"

I leaped upon my horse, seized the child from Carroll's arms, and we set off at a brisk trot. Outside the town we separated, Carroll and I continuing in our original direction, Murphy and Benson each taking a different road. We had planned for just such an emergency and had agreed if separation proved necessary to meet in two weeks' time at Prescott, Arizona. After going about a mile we hid our horses in the bushes and waited, but no one approached, the pursuers having followed Murphy, who had lingered behind a little in order to give them a false scent.

We traveled all that night, and, resting for a few hours during the heat of the next day, kept on steadily until we had covered the two hundred miles to Prescott. During the entire distance Carroll and I took turns in holding the child, who had never once whimpered.

Our relief can be imagined when we once more found ourselves in the old United States and in the company of our friends, for Murphy and Benson had arrived before us. The first thing I did was to take the child and have him christened "William Henry" after my father in Fishkill, my three partners acting as godparents, with nary a godmother. At the conclusion of the ceremony my friends took an oath that in case of my death they would severally undertake to see that the child received the best education that money could buy. We found an honest Christian family in the town who agreed to care for the little fellow while we continued prospecting, and keep him safe and well for me until I had a place of my own to receive him.

The Revolution of the Century

The Prologue of a Play in Which We are All to Take a Part

By W. T. STEAD

THE French Revolution dominated the nineteenth century. Will the Russian Revolution dominate the twentieth? There are many reasons for believing that it will, that it will make itself felt over the whole world. At present it is regarded as a tragic, horrible drama which the other nations can watch from their cushioned stalls in the amphitheatre of the world. In a very short time it will be discovered that it is but the prologue of a play in which we shall all have to take a part. As the Japanese War was the prologue of the Russian Revolution, so the Russian Revolution may be the prologue to the reshaping of the world. Of course, it is quite possible that no such portentous consequences will result from the upheaval in Russia. But the world is much smaller, if distances be measured by time, than it was in 1789, and the Russians are just four times as numerous as were the French. The French Revolution convulsed Europe and the Mediterranean littoral. It left the other continents practically unaffected. The Russian Revolution with its prologue will have its most immediate and more gigantic results in Asia, but there is no continent which it will not affect sooner or later, probably sooner rather than later.

The first, the deepest and the most far-reaching lesson of the Russian Revolution has been the demonstration of the impotence of military force against the passive resistance of an unarmed people. This doctrine which the Quakers have often preached has at last found its way into the consciousness of mankind. At a moment when militarism had reached its apogee, and when it was being accepted as an axiom that machine guns had rendered insurrection impossible, there has suddenly emerged a demonstration of the new resource of the insurgents, a resource against which machine guns and high explosives are powerless.

The dethronement of Armed Force as the supreme arbiter of human destiny—what evolution can be greater than this? Yet that, or something very much like it, is the lesson which the Russian Revolution is teaching to the world. It may be said that there is nothing new in a lesson which the Roman plebs knew and acted upon in the far-away days when by their exodus to Mons Sacer they succeeded in compelling the patricians to grant them their tribunes. But there is nothing new in the world. All that mankind does is to rediscover old truths, and apply old lessons to new circumstances.

The real beginning of the modern political strike was the discovery by prisoners in Russian jails that they could bring their jailers to reason by a hunger strike. No conditions can be imagined in which the weak are more absolutely at the mercy of the strong than those which prevail in a convict prison. The prisoners are absolutely at the mercy of the authorities. Their turnkey has only to forget to open the door of a cell for its inmate to die of starvation and of thirst; he has only to omit to light the stoves for the prisoner to be frozen to death. The captive has neither liberty nor opportunity to provide the elementary necessities of existence. He may be tortured with impunity and murdered without remark. The conditions of weakness and strength are in such cases carried to their ultimate extremes. Yet it was there, where weakness was the weakest and strength the strongest, that the talisman was discovered which may yet revolutionize the world. The abolition of the ill-famed Kara political prison was brought about by the persistent refusal of half a dozen brave women to take food. Three hunger strikes, the last of which was persisted in for sixteen days, created such a scandal that, although the strikers perished, it led to the exposure of the wrongs against which they protested.

It may seem odd that officials sufficiently brutalized as to be mere cogs in the wheels of convict-prison discipline should recoil from the spectacle of seeing their prisoners committing suicide by resolute abstinence from food; but the success of numerous hunger strikes showed that, given the requisite determination, even the weakest and most helpless of mortals had one last argument against which his oppressor was not proof. Of this a curious illustration was afforded only last November. The Peasants' Committee of Moscow, which had been arrested by the Government, secured their release by the simple method of refusing to eat. Instead of letting them starve the authorities let them go free.

It was not till last October that the Russian revolutionists showed the possibility of using this *ultima ratio* of the powerless against the forces of the Government. Their success astonished no one so much as themselves. They discovered that the simple refusal to work was a weapon against which machine guns were powerless. No hostile army could have inflicted such a blow upon the Government as was dealt by the railway workmen when they decided to stay at home instead of going to their daily toil. When

they were joined by the other workmen the Government was powerless. It was a hunger strike on a gigantic scale, and it achieved an astounding success. The success was, indeed, so startling and so complete that it turned the heads of the strikers, and for weeks afterward their leaders brandished the menace of a renewed strike before the eyes of the Government whenever anything was done to which they took exception. But no folly of this kind could blind the eyes of a watching world to the immense significance of the new weapon which lay ready to the hand of a resolute democracy.

It is objected by some that the new weapon cannot be employed without an amount of discipline and organization which it is vain to hope for in other countries. But there is not a country in which there is not far more discipline and organization than there was in Russia last October. The strike was one of the most happy-go-lucky, sporadic revolts ever witnessed. There was no attempt made to feed the strikers. That would have involved organization, funds and elaborate discipline. Nothing of the kind is necessary when all that is wanted is a readiness to starve in idleness until your object is attained. What is indispensable is that the immense majority of the population should be of one mind, and should be willing to suffer to achieve its end.

The substitution of Suffering for Force as the final determining factor in this world's affairs is equivalent to a subversion of the whole foundation on which states are constituted to-day. We shall not have to wait long to see its results. Take the case of India, for instance. British authority among three hundred millions of Asiatics rests at the last resort upon the bayonets of 100,000 white soldiers of the garrison. So long as British authority could only be contested by appeal to the sword, the British raj was as firmly seated as the Russian autocracy appeared to be three years ago. No one denied the intelligence of the Bengalees, but because the baboos were of no value in the fighting line they have been treated as a negligible quantity in the councils of the Viceroy. But what if the intelligentia should follow the example of their equally impotent brethren in Russia and challenge their rulers to a contest in an arena in which artillery can find no target and the soldier no foe?

If the discovery of the power of patient suffering is likely to destroy empires based upon military conquest, and to render unprofitable markets opened by the sword, it may yet have a far wider and more subtle effect upon the relations of the sexes. The Russian Revolution, which everywhere proclaims the equal rights of men and women to all political privileges, has done much more than assert the right of woman to citizenship. For, by the blow which it has administered to the dominance of Force, it has opened the door for the emancipation of woman. The Magnificat may once more be uplifted from the grateful heart of the womanhood of the world when it is seen that the sceptre so long wielded by Force is to pass to the hands of Suffering. Women are not as strong as man in fighting force; they are immeasurably his superiors in the capacity to suffer. The boycott and the strike, the new weapons of the weak, can be wielded as effectively by women as by men. To secure the enfranchisement of their sex it will not be necessary to go on the barricades, or to shoot down the garrison of the fortress of male monopoly: "No vote, no dinner! No citizenship, no service!" Under such watchwords women would hardly need to appeal to force in order to compel recognition.

Of course, Militarism and Force, of which it is the ultimate expression, will not surrender without a struggle. They will slay and they will torture and they will terrorize without mercy and without stint. But when once the masses realize the significance of Shelley's words: "We are many, they are few," not all the goading of tyranny will provoke them to armed resistance, or induce them to abandon that *via dolorosa* of Suffering which leads to Victory. It is impossible to see in how many ways this new weapon will be used. In England speculation is already rife as to whether the resistance of the House of Lords to measures of radical reform might not be more easily overcome by a simultaneous railway strike than by any other means. The Irish, who twenty-five years ago invented the boycott, may take a hint from Russia and use a political strike as a means of compelling a reluctant Government to concede them Home Rule. In the United States it is possible that a solution of the threatening difficulty of multi-millionairism might be found on somewhat similar lines. The State and organized Force will, of course, sharpen their weapons and increase their garrisons, and in particular strengthen the severity of their laws against combination and industrial conspiracy. But if people are willing to suffer, to take joyfully the spoiling of their goods, to welcome the starving of their bodies, and to disregard imprisonment, all the resources of authority will be exerted in vain.

There is one form of strike which has been much talked of in certain quarters, but which few have ventured to put into practice. That is the strike against military service. That has long been advocated by Count Tolstoy as the only way to suppress Militarism. A general refusal of the whole population to obey the summons to the colors would lay the axe at the root of the upas tree of Militarism. The strike against military service was very general in Finland, where it led to the abandonment of the military requisition of the Government of St. Petersburg. It is likely to spread far and wide throughout Russia, and from Russia outward.

If the Russian Revolution is likely to gain its widest and subtlest influence in the world through its dethronement of Force, then its most immediate, and at first sight its most dangerous, effect will be the fierce stimulus which it will give to the Reds all over the world. There is something contagious in the sight of successful revolution. Revolutions are as contagious as the cholera. In 1789, and again in 1848, the revolution made the tour of Europe. Russia has hitherto been the central citadel of authority. Now that the red flag is seen floating very near the topmost turret of the Russian citadel, it is not difficult to understand the fierce ferment of excitement which such a spectacle sets up in the masses of the European Continent.

Bebel frankly told Von Bülow from the tribune of the Reichstag that, but for the iron discipline of the Social Democratic party, what was happening in Russia would be reproduced in Germany.

M. Jaures, the most eloquent, and in many respects the most statesmanlike, of the French Socialists, speaking at Paris on December 11, did not hesitate to proclaim the distinctly international character of the Russian Revolution. He predicted that the "shattering of the Russian throne would bring down all the other thrones in Europe. The proletariat of the whole world were now rising."

If leaders as responsible and as wary as Herr Bebel and M. Jaures hold such sentiments we can imagine what kind of talk goes on in the obscure haunts where the children of despair meet to discuss their grievances against Society and to plan revenge. In Great Britain the influence of Russian example is already acting like vodka upon the more excitable members of the Social Democracy. Threats of "Give 'em a taste of St. Petersburg!" are now and then heard at meetings of the unemployed, and at some meetings of late the incitations to violence and rapine have been weighted and barbed with constant references to the Russian example. Whether the working of the revolutionary leaven will be felt across the Atlantic is a matter on which opinions differ. But one thing is certain: the masses in every country will be more turbulent and less manageable as the result of all that is going on in Russia.

The first immediate visible result of the upset in Russia has been to bring the demand for manhood suffrage to the front with a rush in Prussia, Saxony, Austria and Hungary. In Vienna and in Budapest the Governments have practically capitulated. Universal suffrage has been officially

inscribed upon the banner of the Hapsburg. In Germany, the Imperial Parliament is elected by universal suffrage, but the Prussian Landtag is based upon a limited franchise. The demand of the masses for admission within the pale of the constitution is being pressed with vigor. So far the agitation in Prussia has not been accompanied by any violence. But in Saxony we have already a foretaste of tumultuous demands. Bohemia and Moravia have been even less fortunate. Collisions with the soldiery have in no way repressed the ardor of the demonstrators, and it is not difficult to foresee an abandonment of the limited franchise all along the line. In Finland there appears to be a general agreement in favor of making universal suffrage —irrespective of sex—the basis of the reformed Diet, and the example of Finland is likely to prove catching.

Thirty years ago I ventured the prediction that Moscow was destined to be the revolutionary storm-centre of Europe. The ashes of the Tuileries were hardly cold when I hazarded that forecast. But Paris has never since the Commune been the volcano of the Continent. That which will make Russia so much more dangerous to the established order of society than France is that the Russians are the only nation of practical Socialists in the world. The French peasant is an intense individualist. The Russian peasant is socialist to the backbone. It was only in Russia that Henry George's ideas about the nationalization of the land found any national response.

Whatever comes of the present movement in Russia, the one thing certain is that the peasants will obtain, legally or illegally, an increase of land. Hundreds of thousands of acres will be transferred from the individual landowner – whether a noble, a monastery, or the representative of the crown—to the collective occupation of the peasants.

However this process may be disguised it will be in its essence an endowment of the Have-nots with the lands and possessions of the Haves. And this transfer of property from the hands of the few to those of the many will be an object-lesson to the masses throughout Europe. Whether it will be applied in the shape of a progressive income tax, universal old-age pensions, or the compulsory expropriation of landowners, the Russian lesson will find many apt scholars in every country in the world. One solid fact to which every demagogue can point as an illustration of what can be done will tell more forcibly than a thousand academic dissertations.

The break-up of the Russian Empire, as it has hitherto been known, can hardly fail to give a powerful stimulus to the movement in favor of the formation of smaller states on the basis of nationality. The Separatist movement in Hungary, like that in Norway, which has been held in check for years by the dread inspired by the existence of the Russian colossus on their eastern frontier, was left free to realize its ideals when the danger of Russian aggression disappeared. Norway is already lord in her own house. Hungary has already advanced far in the same direction. If Hungary becomes a sovereign, independent state, Austria-Hungary disappears, and out of its ruins who can say how many nationalities will strive to attain their independence?

The concession of Polish autonomy is an article in the creed of every Russian revolutionist, and the autonomy of Russian Poland would be regarded by every Pole as but a stepping-stone toward the realization of the national ideal of Poland one and indivisible, which necessitates the dismemberment of both Germany and Austria.

Alike in the East and the West of Asia, the extinction of Russia as a powerful military empire will revolutionize everything. Between the East and the West it will be hardly less potent. For a century the dread of a Russian attack has been the bugbear of the Anglo-Indian. Only a year ago Mr. Balfour declared that the whole military system of the British Empire should be based upon the necessity for meeting a Russian attack upon India and its buffer state, Afghanistan. The new Cabinet in England will have to face the military problem from an entirely new point of view. Russia need no longer be regarded as a possible invader. The nightmare which has led the British Government to tax its Hindus into starvation in order to protect the northwest frontier has been laid to rest. The Russian Revolution ought to reduce the military budget of India by ten million dollars a year. The immense relief which British India would obtain by the disappearance of the Russian Empire is so obvious that it leads suspicious Russians to attribute the financing of the revolution to the Machiavellian liberality of John Bull.

In the near East it is impossible to predict with any confidence what will be the result of the withdrawal of the pressure which for more than a century has been constantly felt alike by the Sultan and by his Christian vassals. Russia has exercised—sometimes legally, but more often without diplomatic sanction – the overlordship of European and Asiatic Turkey. If Servia, Roumania and Bulgaria are free to-day, it is because their freedom was won by the Russian sword. But for Russia, Greece would still have been enslaved. Russia, which was once the hope, has of late years been the terror of the Armenians. She has always been the dominating factor in the politics of the Levant. Alike at Belgrade, Bucharest, Sophia, Athens and Constantinople the word of the Czar was never heard without awe. The influence of the Concert of Europe was fitful and spasmodic. That of Russia operated steadily, like the force of gravitation. The withdrawal of that force will entail changes at present but dimly visible on the horizon. One possibility may, however, be hinted at. As long as the Czar remains on the throne the Kaiser will do nothing to embarrass his good friend and ally. But if a revolutionary Russia were to menace Germany by reëstablishing the Kingdom of Poland, it is at least conceivable that the Sultan might be encouraged to use his German-drilled forces to replace the Cross by the Crescent in Batoum, Kars, and possibly even in Tiflis. The constitution of an autonomous Armenia under the Turkish flag on the ruins of Russian dominion in the Caucasus would not be an impossible retort courteous for the menace on the Vistula.

The consequences of the Russian Revolution and of the war which precipitated the revolution will affect America

(Concluded on Page 24)

The Incomplete Amorist

BY E. NESBIT

XVI—(Continued)

LADY ST. CRAYE was more charming than ever. Vernon knew it, and sometimes he deliberately tried to let her charm him. But though he perceived her charm he could not feel it. Always before he had felt what he chose to feel. Or perhaps—he hated the thought and would not look at it—perhaps all his love-affairs had been just pictures, perhaps he had never felt anything but an artistic pleasure in their grouping and lighting. Perhaps now he was really feeling natural human emotion—didn't they call it that? But he wasn't. What he felt was resentment, dissatisfaction, a growing inability to control events or to prearrange his sensations. He felt that he himself was controlled. He felt like a wild creature, caught in a trap. The trap was not gilded, and he was very uncomfortable in it. Even the affairs of others almost ceased to amuse him. He could hardly call up a cynical smile at Lady St. Craye's evident misapprehension of those conscientious efforts of his to be charmed by her. He was only moved to a very faint amusement when one day Bobbie Temple, smoking in the studio, broke a long silence abruptly to say:

"Look here. Some one was saying the other day that a man can be in love with two women at a time. Do you think it's true?"

"Two? Yes. Or twenty"

"Then it's not love," said Temple wisely.

"'They call it love,'" said Vernon. "*I* don't know what they mean by it. What do *you* mean?"

"By love?"

"Yes."

"I don't exactly know," said Temple slowly. "I suppose it's wanting to be with a person, and thinking about nothing else. And thinking they're the most beautiful and all that. And going over everything that they've ever said to you, and wanting——"

"Wanting?"

"Well, I suppose if it's really love you want to marry them."

"You can't marry *them*, you know," said Vernon; "at least not simultaneously. That's just it. Well?"

"Well, that's all. If that's not love, what is?"

"I'm hanged if *I* know," said Vernon.

"I thought you knew all about that sort of things."

"So did I," said Vernon to himself. Aloud he said:

"If you want a philosophic definition: it's passion transfigured by tenderness—at least I've often said so."

"But can you feel that for two people at once?"

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"Or," said Vernon, getting interested in his words, "it's tenderness intoxicated by passion, and not knowing that it's drunk——"

"But can you feel that for two——"

"Oh, bother!" said Vernon. "Every sort of fool-fancy calls itself love. There's the pleasure of pursuit—there's vanity, there's the satisfaction of your own *amour-propre*, there's desire, there's intellectual attraction, there's the love of beauty, there's the artist's joy in doing what you know you can do well, and getting a pretty woman for sole audience. You might feel one or two or twenty of these things for one woman, and one or two or twenty different ones for another. But if you mean, Do you love two women in the same way? I say no. Thank Heaven, it's new every time"

"It mayn't be the same way," said Temple, "but it's the same thing to you—if you feel you can't bear to give either of them up."

"Well, then, you can marry one and keep on with the other. Or be 'friends' with both and marry neither. Or cut the whole show and go to the colonies."

"Then you have to choose between being unhappy or being a blackguard."

"My good chap, that's the situation in which our emotions are always landing us—our confounded emotions and the conventions of society."

"And how are you to know whether the thing's love—or—all those other things?"

"You don't know: you can't know till it's too late for your knowing to matter. Marriage is like spinach. You can't tell that you hate it till you've tried it. Only——"

"Well?"

"I think I've heard it said," Vernon voiced his own sudden conviction, very carelessly, "that love wants to give and passion wants to take. If I'm talking like a Sunday-school book you've brought it on yourself."

"I like it," said Temple.

"And then, often," Vernon went on, surprised to find that he wanted to help the other in his soul-searchings, "if a chap's not had much to do with women—the women of our sort, I mean—he gets a bit dazed with them. They're all so nice, confound them! If a man felt he was falling in love with two women at once, and he had the tiresome temperament that takes these things seriously, it wouldn't be a bad thing for him to go away into the country, and moon about for a few weeks, and see which was the one that bothered his brain most. Then he'd know where he was, and not be led like a lamb to the slaughter by the wrong one. They can't both get him, you know."

"I wasn't putting the case that either of them wished to get him," said Temple carefully.

Vernon nodded.

"Of course not. The thing simplifies itself wonderfully if neither of them wants to get him. Even if they both do, matters are less complicated. It's when only one of them wants him that it's so beastly hard for a man not to

His Easel Held Most Often the Portrait of Betty

be sure what *he* wants. That's very clumsily put—what I mean is——"

"I see what you mean," said Temple impatiently.

"——It's the devil for him, because then he lets himself drift and the one who wants him collars him, and then of course she always turns out to be the one he didn't want. My observations are as full of wants as an advertisement column. But the thing to do in all relations of life is to make up your mind what it is that you *do* want, and then to jolly well see that you get it. What I want is a pipe."

"You talk," said Temple slowly, "as though a man could get any one—I mean anything, he wanted."

"So he can, my dear chap, if he only wants her badly enough."

"Badly enough?"

"Badly enough to make the supreme sacrifice to get her."

"?" Temple inquired.

"Marriage," Vernon answered; "there's only one excuse for marriage."

"Excuse?"

"Excuse. And that excuse is that one couldn't help it—the only excuse one will have to offer, some day, to the recording angel, for all one's other faults and follies. A man who *can* help getting married, and doesn't, deserves all he gets."

"I don't agree with you in the least," said Temple—"about marriage, I mean. A man *ought* to want to get married——"

"To anybody? Without its being anybody in particular?"

"Yes," said Temple stoutly. "If he gets to thirty without wanting to marry any one in particular he ought to look about till he finds some one he does want. It's the right and proper thing to marry and have kiddies."

"Oh, if you're going to be patriarchal," said Vernon. "What a symbolic dialogue! We begin with love and we end with marriage! There's the tragedy of romance in a nutshell. Yes, life's a beastly rotten show, and the light won't last more than another two hours."

"Your hints are always as delicate as gossamer," said Temple. "Don't throw anything at me. I'm going."

He went, leaving his secret in Vernon's hands.

"Poor old Temple! That's the worst of walking carefully all your days: you do come such an awful cropper when you do come one. Two women. The jasmine lady must have been practicing on his poor little heart. Heigh-ho, I wish she could do as much for me! And the other one? *Her*—I suppose."

The use of the pronoun, the disuse of the grammar pulled him up short.

"By Jove," he said, "that's what people say when—— But I'm not in love—with anybody. I want to work."

But he didn't work. He seldom did now. And when he did the work was not good. His easel held most often the portrait of Betty that had been begun at Long Barton—unfinished, but a disquieting likeness. He walked up and down his room not thinking, but dreaming. His dreams took him to the warren, in the pure morning light; he saw Betty; he told himself what he had said, what she had said.

"And it was I who advised her to come to Paris. If only I'd known then——"

He stopped and asked himself what he knew now that he had not known then, refused himself the answer, and went to call on Lady St. Craye.

Christmas came and went; the bleak winds of January swept the boulevards, and snow lay white on the walls of court and garden. Betty's life was full now. The empty cage that had opened its door to love at Long Barton had now other occupants. Ambition was beginning to grow its wing feathers. She could draw—at least some day she would be able to draw. Already she had won a prize with a charcoal study of a bare back. But she did not dare to name this to her father, and when he wrote to ask what was the subject of her prize drawing she replied with misleading truth that it was a study from nature. His imagination pictured a rustic cottage, a water-wheel, a castle and mountains in the distance and cows and a peasant in the foreground.

But, though her life was now crowded with new interests, that first-comer was not ousted. Only he had changed his plumage and she called him Friendship. She blushed sometimes and stamped her foot when she remembered those meetings in the summer mornings, her tremors, her heart-beats. And oh, the "drivel" she had written in her diary!

"Girls ought never to be allowed to lead that 'sheltered home life,'" she said to Miss Voscoe, "with nothing real in it. It makes your mind all swept and garnished and then you hurry to fill it up with rubbish."

"That's so," said her friend.

"If ever *I* have a daughter," said Betty, "she shall set to work at *something* definite the very instant minute she leaves school—if it's only Hebrew or Algebra. Not just parish duties that she didn't begin, and doesn't want to go on with. But something that's her *own* work."

Betty Poured Tea for the Other Woman to Drink

"You're beginning to see straight. I surmised you would by-and-by. But don't you go to the other end of the seesaw, Miss Daisy-Face!"

"What do you mean?" asked Betty. It was the morning interval when students eat *pâtisserie* out of folded papers. The two were on the window-ledge of the atelier, looking down on the convent garden where already the buds were breaking to green leaf.

"Why, there's room for the devil even if your flat ain't swept and garnished. He folds up mighty small, and gets into less space than a poppy-seed."

"What do you mean?" asked Betty again.

"I mean that Vernon chap," said Miss Voscoe downrightly. "I told you to change partners every now and then. But with you it's that Vernon this week and last week and the week after next."

"I've known him longer than I have the others, and I like him," said Betty.

"Oh, he's all right; fine and dandy!" replied Miss Voscoe. "He's a big man, too, in his own line. Not the kind you expect to see knocking about at a students' *crémerie*. Does he give you lessons?"

"He did at home," said Betty.

"Take care he doesn't teach you what's the easiest thing in creation to learn about a man."

"What's that?" Betty did not like to have to ask the question.

"Why, how not to be able to do without him, of course," said Miss Voscoe.

"You're quite mistaken," said Betty eagerly. "One of the reasons I don't mind going about with him so much is that he's engaged to be married."

"Acquainted with the lady?"

"Yes," said Betty, sheltering behind the convention that an introduction at a tea-party constitutes acquaintanceship. She was glad Miss Voscoe had not asked her if she *knew* Lady St. Craye.

"Oh, well"—Miss Voscoe jumped up and shook the flakes of pastry off her pinafore—"if she doesn't mind, I guess I've got no call to. But why don't you give that saint a turn?"

"Meaning?"

"Mr. Temple. He admires you no end. He'd be always in your pocket if you'd let him. He's worth fifty of the other man *as* a man, if he isn't as an artist. I keep my eyes skinned—and the sketch club gives me a chance to tot them both up. I guess I can size up a man some. The other man isn't *fast*. That's how it strikes me."

"Fast?" echoed Betty, bewildered.

"Fast dye: fast color. I suspect he'd go wrong a bit in the wash. Temple's fast color, warranted not to run."

"I know," said Betty, "but I don't care for the color, and I'm rather tired of the pattern."

"I wish you'd tell me which of the two was the three-polite-word man."

"I know you do. But surely you see *now?*"

"You're too cute. Just as likely it's the Temple one, and that's why you're so sick of the pattern by now."

"Didn't I tell you you were clever?" laughed Betty.

But, all the same, next evening when Vernon called to take her to dinner she said:

"Couldn't we go somewhere else? I'm tired of Garnier's."

Vernon was tired of Garnier's, too.

"Do you know Thirion's?" he said. "Thirion's in the Boulevard St. Germain, Thirion's where Du Maurier used to go, and Thackeray, and all sorts of celebrated people; and where the host treats you like a friend, and the waiter like a brother."

"I should love to be treated like a waiter's brother. Do let's go," said Betty.

The Fate who was amusing herself by playing with Betty's destiny had sent Temple to call on Lady St. Craye that afternoon, and Lady St. Craye had seemed bored, so bored that she had hardly appeared to listen to Temple's talk, which, duly directed by her quite early into the channel she desired for it, flowed in a constant stream over the name, the history, the work, the personality of Vernon. When at last the stream ebbed Lady St. Craye made a pretty feint of stifling a yawn.

"Oh, how horrid I am!" she cried with instant penitence, "and how very rude you will think me! I think I have the blues to-day, or, to be more French and more poetic, the black butterflies. It *is* so sweet of you to have let me talk to you. I know I've been as stupid as an owl. Won't you stay and dine with me? I'll promise to cheer up if you will."

Mr. Temple would, more than gladly.

"Or no," Lady St. Craye went on, "that'll be dull for you, and perhaps even for me if I begin to think I'm boring you. Couldn't we do something desperate—dine at a Latin Quarter restaurant, for instance? What was that place you were telling me of, where the waiter has a wonderful voice and makes the orders he shouts down the tube sound like the recitative of the basso at the opera?"

"Thirion's," said Temple; "but it wasn't I; it was Vernon."

"Thirion's, that's it!" Lady St. Craye broke in before Vernon's name left his lips. "Would you like to take me there to dine, Mr. Temple?"

It appeared that Mr. Temple would like it of all things.

"Then I'll go and put on my hat," said she, and trailed her sea-green tea-gown across the room. At the door she turned to say: "It will be fun, won't it?"—and to laugh delightedly, like a child who is promised a treat.

That was how it happened that Lady St. Craye, brushing her dark furs against the wall of Thirion's staircase, came, followed by Temple, into the room where Betty and Vernon, their heads rather close together, were discussing the menu.

This was what Lady St. Craye had thought of more than a little. Yet it was not what she had expected. Vernon, perhaps, yes: or the girl. But not Vernon and the girl together. Not now at her very first visit. It was not for a second that she hesitated. Temple had not even had time to see who it was to whom she spoke before she had walked over to the two and greeted them.

"How perfectly delightful!" she said. "Miss Desmond, I've been meaning to call on you, but it's been so cold, and I've been so cross, I've called on nobody. Ah, Mr. Vernon, you too?"

She looked at the vacant chair near his, and Vernon had to say:

"You'll join us, of course?"

So the two little parties made one party, and one of the party was angry and annoyed, and no one of the party was quite pleased, and all four concealed what they felt, and affected what they did not feel, with as much of the tact of the truly well-bred as each could call up. In this polite exercise Lady St. Craye was easily first.

She was charming to Temple, she was very nice to Betty, and she spoke to Vernon with a delicate, subtle, faint suggestion of proprietorship in her tone. At least that was how it seemed to Betty. To Temple it seemed that she was tacitly apologizing to an old friend for having involuntarily broken up a dinner *à deux*. And each one interpreted her tone exactly as she meant that one to interpret it. To Vernon it spelled out an all but overmastering jealousy proudly overmastered. All that pretty fiction of there being now no possibility of sentiment between him and her flickered down and died. And with it the interest that he had felt in her.

"*She* have unexplored reserves? Bah!" he told himself, "she is just like the rest."

He felt that she had not come from the other side of the river just to dine with Temple. He knew she had been looking for him. And the temptation assailed him to reward her tender anxiety by devoting himself wholly to Betty. Then he remembered what he had let Betty believe as to the relation in which he stood to this other woman.

His face lighted up with a smile of answering tenderness. Without neglecting Betty he seemed to lay the real homage of his heart at the feet of that heart's lady.

"By Jove," he thought, as the dark, beautiful eyes met his in a look of more tenderness than he had seen in them this many a day, "if only she knew how she's playing my game for me!"

Betty, for her part, refused to recognize a little pain that gnawed at her heart and stole all taste from the best dishes of Thirion's. She talked as much as possible to Temple, because it was the proper thing to do, she told herself, and she talked very badly.

Lady St. Craye was transfigured by Vernon's unexpected acceptance of her delicate advances, intoxicated by the sudden flutter of a dream she had only known with wings in full flight, into the region where dreams, clasped to the heart, become realities. She grew each moment more beautiful. The host, going from table to table, talking easily to his guests, could not keep his fascinated eyes from her face. The proprietor of Thirion's had good taste, and knew a beautiful woman when he saw her.

Betty's eyes, too, strayed more and more often from her plate, and from Temple, to the efflorescence of this new beauty-light. She felt mean and poor, ill-dressed, shabby, dowdy, dull, weary and uninteresting. Her face felt tired. It was an effort to smile.

When the dinner was over she said abruptly:

"If you'll excuse me—I've got a dreadful headache—no, I don't want any one to see me home. Just put me in a carriage."

She insisted, and it was done.

When the carriage drew up in front of the closed porte-cochère of 57 Boulevard Montparnasse, Betty was surprised and wounded to discover that she was crying

"Well, you *knew* they were engaged!" she said as she let herself into her room with her latchkey. "You knew they were engaged! What did you expect?"

Temple could not remember afterward exactly how he got separated from the others. It just happened, as such unimportant things will. He missed them somehow at a crossing, looked about him in vain, shrugged his shoulders and went home.

Lady St. Craye hesitated a moment with her latchkey in her hand. Then she threw open the door of her flat.

"Come in, won't you?" she said, and led the way into her fire-warmed, flower-scented, lamplit room. Vernon also hesitated a moment. Then he followed. He stood on the hearth-rug with his back to the wood fire. He did not speak.

Somehow it was difficult for her to take up their talk at the place and in the strain where it had broken off when Betty proclaimed her headache.

Yet this was what she must do, it seemed to her, or lose all the ground she had gained.

"You've been very charming to me this evening," she said at last, and knew as she said it that it was the wrong thing to say.

"You flatter me," said Vernon.

"I was so surprised to see you there," she went on.

Vernon was surprised that she should say it. He had thought more highly of her powers.

"The pleasure was mine," he said in his most banal tones, "the surprise, alas, was all for you—and all you gained."

"Weren't *you* surprised?"—Lady St. Craye was angry and humiliated. That she—she—should find herself nervous, at fault, find herself playing the game as crudely as any shopgirl!

"No," said Vernon.

"But you couldn't have expected me?" She knew quite well what she was doing, but she was too nervous to stop herself.

"I've always expected you," he said deliberately, "ever since I told you that I often dined at Thirion's."

"You expected me to- "

"To run after me?" said Vernon with paraded ingenuousness, "yes, didn't you?"

"*I* run after *you!* You——" she stopped short, for she saw in his eyes that, if she let him quarrel with her now, it was for ever.

He at the same moment awoke from the trance of anger that had come upon him when he found himself alone with her; anger at her, and at himself, fanned to fury by the thought of Betty and of what she, at this moment, must be thinking. He laughed.

"Ah, don't break my heart!" he said. "I've been so happy all the evening fancying that you had—you had——"

"Had what?" she asked, with dry lips, for the caress in his tone was such as to deceive the very elect.

"Had felt just the faintest little touch of interest in me; had cared to know how I spent my evenings, and with whom!"

"You thought I could stoop to spy on you?" she asked. "Monsieur flatters himself."

The anger in him was raising its head again.

"Monsieur very seldom does," he said.

She took that as she chose to take it.

"No, you're beautifully humble"

"And you're proudly beautiful."

She flushed and looked down.

"Don't you like to be told that you're beautiful?"

"Not by you. Not like that!"

"And so you didn't come to Thirion's to see me? How one may deceive one's self! The highest hopes we cherish here! Another beautiful illusion gone!"

She said to herself: "I can do nothing with him in this mood," and aloud she could not help saying: "Was it a beautiful one?"

"Very," he answered gayly. "Can you doubt it·"

She found nothing to say. And even as she fought for words she suddenly found that he had caught her in his arms and kissed her, and that the sound of the door that had banged behind him was echoing in her ears.

She put her hands to her head. She could not see clearly.

XVII—INTERVENTIONS

THAT kiss gave Lady St. Craye furiously to think, as they say in France.

Had it meant——? What had it meant? Was it the crown of her hopes, her dreams? Was it possible that now, at last, after all that had gone before, she might win him—had won him, even?

The sex-instinct said "No."

Then if "No" were the answer to that question, the kiss had been mere brutality. It had meant just:

"You chose to follow me—to play the spy. What the deuce do you want? Is it this?"

The kiss stung. It was not the first. But the others—even the last of them, two years before, had not had that sting. Lady St. Craye, biting her lips in lonely dissection of herself and of him, dared take no comfort. Also,

"How Perfectly Delightful!" She Said. "Miss Desmond, I've Been Meaning to Call on You, but It's Been So Cold"

she no longer dared to follow him, to watch him, to spy on him.

In her jasmine-scented leisure Lady St. Craye analyzed herself, and him and Her. Above all Her—who was Betty. To find out how it all seemed to her—that, presently, seemed to Lady St. Craye the one possible, the one important thing.

So after she had given a few days to the analysis of that kiss, had failed to reach certainty as to its elements, had writhed in her failure, and bitterly resented the mysterious constituent that falsified all her calculations, she dressed herself beautifully, and went to call on the constituent, Betty.

Betty was at home. She was drawing at a table, cunningly placed at right angles to the window. She rose with a grace that Lady St. Craye had not seen in her. She was dressed in a plain gown, that hung from the shoulders in long, straight, green folds. Her hair was down—and Betty had beautiful hair. Lady St. Craye's hair had never been long. Betty's fell nearly to her knees.

"Oh, was the door open?" she said. "I didn't know. I've—I'm so sorry—I've been washing my hair."

"It's lovely," said the other woman with an appreciation quite genuine. "What a pity you can't always wear it like that!"

"It's long," said Betty disparagingly, "but the color's horrid. What Miss Voscoe calls boy color."

"Boy color?"

"Oh, just nothing in particular. Mousy."

"If you had golden hair, or black, Miss Desmond, you'd have a quite unfair advantage over the rest of us."

"I don't think so," said Betty very simply; "you see, no one ever sees it down."

"What a charming place you've got here," Lady St. Craye went on.

"Yes," said Betty, "it is nice," and she thought of Paula.

"And do you live here all alone?"

"Yes. I had a friend with me at first, but she's gone back to England."

"Don't you find it very dull?"

"Oh, no! I know lots of people now."

"And they come to see you here?"

Lady St. Craye had decided that it was not necessary to go delicately. The girl was evidently stupid, and one need not pick one's words.

"Yes," said Betty.

"Mr. Vernon's a great friend of yours, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"I suppose you see a great deal of him?"

"Yes. Is there anything else you would like to know?"

The scratch was so sudden, so fierce, so feline that for a moment Lady St. Craye could only look blankly at her hostess. Then she recovered herself enough to say

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Was I asking a lot of questions? It's a dreadful habit of mine, I'm afraid, when I'm interested in people."

Betty scratched again quite calmly and quite mercilessly.

"It's quite natural that Mr. Vernon should interest you. But I don't think I'm likely to be able to tell you anything about him that you don't know. May I get you some tea?"

It was impossible for Lady St. Craye to reply: "I meant that I was interested in *you*—not in Mr. Vernon;" so she said: "Thank you—that will be delightful."

Betty went along the little passage to her kitchen, and her visitor was left to revise her impressions.

When Betty came back with the tea-tray her hair was twisted up. The kettle could be heard hissing in the tiny kitchen.

"Can't I help you?" Lady St. Craye asked leaning back indolently in the most comfortable chair.

"No, thank you: it's all done now."

Betty poured the tea for the other woman to drink. Her own remained untasted. She exerted herself to manufacture small-talk, was very amiable, very attentive. Lady St. Craye almost thought she must have dreamed those two sharp cat-scratches at the beginning of the interview. But presently Betty's polite remarks came less readily. There were longer intervals of silence. And Lady St. Craye for once was at a loss. Her nerve was gone. She dared not tempt the claws again. After the longest pause of all Betty said suddenly:

"I think I know why you came to-day."

"I came to see you because you're a friend of Mr. Vernon's."

"You came to see me because you wanted to find out exactly how much I'm a friend of Mr. Vernon's. Didn't you?"

Candor is the most disconcerting of the virtues.

"Not in the least," Lady St. Craye found herself saying. "I came to see you—because—as I said."

"I don't think it is much use your coming to see me," Betty went on; "though, if you meant it kindly—but you didn't—you didn't! If you had it wouldn't have made any difference. We should never get on with each other, never."

"Really, Miss Desmond"—Lady St. Craye clutched her cardcase and half rose—"I begin to think we never should."

Betty's ignorance of the usages of good society stood her friend. She ignored, not consciously, but by the prompting of nature, the social law which decrees that one should not speak of the things that really interest one.

(Continued on Page 21)

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The People Take a Hand

THE defeat of General Charles H. Grosvenor ought to challenge general attention, for it is a singularly striking illustration of that enormous and ruthless destruction of vested political rights which has been going on over the country for some two years, and which seems to be gaining momentum as it proceeds. A generation ago a distinguished editor laid down the axiom that, as between a gentleman who sought to be elected by hand and one who had a machine, the advantage was obviously on the side of the machinist. Upon this plausible foundation a vast structure of political capital was reared. It represented ingenuity and toil applied according to the most approved precepts of practical wisdom, just like a good deal of capital of another sort. But there was no way to get out an injunction in its behalf; and men who owned machines (created by their genius and labor, or duly purchased from the creators) that controlled towns, counties and States have been forced to stand helpless, not only while their machines were wrecked, but while they personally were violently kicked to boot.

Friends of General Grosvenor declare that he had, by long practice, developed a skill at politics of so rare an order that he could win with a hand of postal-cards. By all rules he should have been able to capture a renomination blindfolded. But when it came to the convention they wouldn't let him play. They absolutely refused to deal him as much as a two-spot. They relentlessly declined to permit him to chip in even with one of those inferior symbols of value known as a white bean. So the unscarred champion was not beaten, but just frozen bodily out of the game.

Other Men's Money

THE report of the Armstrong committee justifies the high opinion which the public had formed of that body. It contains three recommendations that go to the root of the whole life-insurance trouble—namely, that insurance funds shall not be invested in stocks, or in bonds secured by the deposit of stocks as collateral, or be put out in loans on stocks or collateral trust bonds; that no more deferred-dividend policies shall be written, but on all future business dividends shall be allotted annually; that policies shall be in certain standard forms. Other recommendations made by the committee are admirable, incidentally; but these three are the cornerstone of life-insurance reform.

The important abuses did not consist of excessive salaries or nepotism or the proxy systems. They grew out of the use of the vast accumulations of the companies for Wall Street graft. The real danger was in the conditions which made hundreds of millions of policyholders' money irresistibly tempting to the great practitioners of high finance. Side by side with the exploited assets of the insurance companies lay a thousand millions of savings deposits absolutely untouched and unattempted, because the law so limits the investment of savings' bank money that the big speculators have no use for it. Make life-insurance money unavailable for stock purchases, blind pools, collateral trust bonds, syndicates and flotations and Wall Street will let it alone. This will cure two-thirds of the trouble. Make the company show the policyholder every year exactly what it has earned on his money, in such form that he can readily compare it with results obtained by other companies, and economical management will follow automatically.

Life insurance's generous contributions to political corruption were simply a symptom of life-insurance graft. The officers paid blackmail precisely because they themselves were using policyholders' money dishonestly. Remove the managerial graft and the yellow-dog funds will inevitably go with it. Sound usage the world over rigidly limits the investment of trust funds to first-grade, non-speculative securities. The first step in life-insurance reform should be to impose this usage upon insurance funds.

To Let—In the Hall of Fame

THERE has never been a time in the history of the world where the giving of money for philanthropic and public uses was so common and on such a large scale as at present in this country. Although the opportunities for useful giving are even vaster than the liberality of our rich men, and infinitely more varied than they ever were before, yet givers seem to keep pretty closely to the old, safe lines: hospitals, art museums and educational institutions. Of all the notable givers of our time Mr. Carnegie is the only one who has shown any power to strike out new conceptions of usefulness, or any desire to explore new fields. His Carnegie fund for research, and his pension fund for college professors, are novel experiments in giving, and they promise well. Certainly nothing is needed in philanthropic enterprise more than imagination, and, judging by the bequests of great millionaires, the money-getter seems to lack that quality. Possibly would-be benefactors leave to others whom they consider competent to judge the selection of the channels through which their gifts will go to the public, and their advisers choose the safe things. Of all the fields of creative activity calling for imagination, that of giving away money would seem to be the most attractive, because the least worked and the most far-reaching. What an opportunity has gone begging, for example, in the creating of a great national theatre! It would take considerably less than to endow a university properly, and would do far more to elevate the public in taste and morals than ten universities. Here is a niche in the world's hall of fame empty for the want of a man of great wealth and some imagination.

Celestial Cooks

WE HUMBLY submit that the United States should open a small back door in that stiff wall which shuts out the Chinese laborer. We hasten to explain why. There are at present 1,647,301 families, more or less, in this most prosperous land who cannot corral the "hired girl" (of tradition) by love, money or physical force. We would not suggest that one job, even that of a domestic servant, be taken from the hands of true Americans (be they Swede, Irish, Italian, Greek or Hottentot). Nevertheless, some remedy is due the distressed American housewife, who, with money in hand, sits all day in the employment bureau and is spurned by "American" labor. Therefore, let the Government admit in bond, to be kept in storage in some central spot, a couple of hundred thousand meek Celestials. Then, whenever the American housewife shall have duly advertised in vain for "help," let her have the right to apply to the nearest judge for an order of the court permitting her to extract from the said place of storage not more than one domestic servant—the employer to pay the maximum current wage and to make affidavit yearly that due efforts are being made to secure an American substitute for the coolie laborer. Whenever an American female shall apply for the Chinaman's job, the court can order that the Celestial be returned to the central depot.

The manufacturers of food-products may be expected to favor this plan; for the Chinese are renowned cooks, especially skilled in disguising the true inwardness of any dish. They can make marvelous pies out of sawdust, and counterfeit any dainty on sight. They might convert the public to a fondness for coal tar and aniline dyes, boracic acid, formaldehyde, and the entire pharmacopœia of the new diet. Therefore, let us have a few thousands of Celestial cooks to make happy American homes.

Let Us Abolish This, Also

WE HAVE distinguished publicists who think the President is usurping the powers of Congress and ought to be reduced to a more proportionate size. We have many others who warmly favor the abolition of the Senate, and still others who find no cause for regret in the modest self-effacement of the House. But nobody stands up and demands the extinguishment of the Supreme Court—which is really surprising, when you consider that the avowed object of all the publicists is to produce a more truly representative form of government.

Everybody, by this time, has noticed the large, constant shadow which rests upon the railroad rate regulation business at Washington—to wit, the question whether, President and Congress having agreed upon a law, the Supreme Court will not wipe it off the statute-book. We need no great constitutional lawyer to help us to the great constitutional guess that if the new law should contain anything that restricted the powers of the judiciary, tending to prevent it from taking a decisive hand in matters of interest and moment, the law would fare very badly when it was put on trial for its life. No doubt four of the nine justices would dissent from the decision, as happens with nearly all important decisions, and the whole question of rate regulation would actually hinge upon the temperament, associations and habits of thought of one man. We suppose nobody seriously argues that any of the great five-to-four decisions actually turned upon anything more than the mere individual bent of a single justice. If one individual's bent had been different, the Northern Securities merger would have been legal, the income tax would have been valid, and so on. Illinois, we hear at this writing, is distracted because one Supreme Court judge is ill, and the remainder of the bench is evenly divided as to the constitutionality of an election act that cost infinite effort. Until the judge gets well and makes up his mind nobody knows whether the act is law or waste paper.

A Jury of His Peers

AS A SOCIOLOGICAL exhibit the acquittal of Pat Crowe at Omaha was less important than the comments upon it. From the best-informed local opinion, evidently shared by the trial judge, it appears that Crowe was guilty of kidnaping the young son of Edward Cudahy and extorting a ransom from the father by threatening to put out the boy's eyes; but the jury acquitted him because he is a poor, unfortunate, downtrodden thief and desperado, while Cudahy is a millionaire partner in the despised and oppressive Beef Trust. The jury's supposed theory that, if a man's commercial methods are unpopular, his small children may be kidnaped with impunity, was received with applause in the courtroom, and with an outburst of heated criticism elsewhere which throws an interesting light upon the main question at issue.

Let us say that the jury was stupid and prejudiced—two characteristics neither uncommon nor cognizable under any law that we know of. Running over some of the utterances evoked by the verdict, we shudder to think what the fate of this merely fool jury would be if tried by a panel of selected editors who judged the case in the same passion in which they commented upon it. The finding would surely be wider of justice than the Crowe verdict was. We have one important organ of public opinion hotly pointing to the case as an effect of yellow journalism; another sternly adding it to the list of the crimes of the trusts, which, by exasperating the people, corrupt their native sense of justice.

The sense of justice is not native, but acquired. Only an elect few ever acquire it in such degree that they are just when their passions or prepossessions are touched. The lawyer always rejects the venire-man whose associations or habits would tend to bring a personal feeling into his consideration of the case. About two times out of three the passion of a community, if widely and deeply aroused against the accused, will hang him without much regard to law or evidence—as a great many instances show. No human institution is perfect. Trial by jury is very, very far from perfection. But on the whole it gives better results than any other system. "Human justice often errs," said the moralist. "True," said the judge, "but it's the only kind we've got."

"Gentlemen's Agreements"

THE recent decline of cotton below eleven cents a pound naturally sharpened public interest in the fate of the growers' association, which proposes, by limiting the area and controlling the markets, to secure a minimum price of thirteen cents for the next crop. Whether the growers succeed depends upon whether they stick together, and whether they stick together depends upon whether they have suffered enough. This is true of nearly all attempts at coöperation and combination. Generally men will not surrender their individual freedom except as a sort of last resort. The great industrial consolidations of '97 and '98 were partly born of the fearful depression of '93 and '96. The labor unions are, of course, the greatest example of coöperation. Their vital basis lies in the wretched condition of labor before the days of unions. A man who knows hunger either by experience or tradition is readier to trade a part of his individual liberty for something that will safeguard him from hunger. Thus, about four times out of five the coöperation of the workman is far solider and more effective than the opposing coöperation of the employer.

Attempts to regulate railroad rates and other things by "gentlemen's agreements" almost always fail. Not having suffered, the gentlemen fail to stick together. Here and there fruit growers have combined effectively—after tasting bankruptcy in untrammeled individual freedom. The actual prosperity of the farmer is the great obstacle to agricultural coöperation.

The Packers and the Future

By J. Ogden Armour

A FEW weeks ago the press of the whole country united in tribute to the worthiness of a great merchant who lay dead. The immense commercial fabric which Marshall Field left behind him was a monument to the practice of one fixed business rule: "To sell *always* a *good* article at a fair price." The private car line interests which I represent ask to be judged by no more lenient standard. We have been in the refrigeration service business for twenty years. We have been successful—so successful the demand has required that every dollar earned by the car lines, *and more*, has had to go back into new and improved equipment and organization to take care of the new business that was made possible by the service. I do not believe this could have happened if the car lines had not sold *a good article at a fair price*.

An article in a recent magazine contains this paragraph: "By giving his business to one railroad and taking it from another, he (Armour) could almost make or ruin the profits of the companies concerned. Here was the Pere Marquette Railroad, for example, over which was shipped the bulk of the fruit grown in the rich districts of Western Michigan. The Pere Marquette was a weak railroad, hungry for more traffic. Armour went to the eager officers of the Pere Marquette and guaranteed to give them forty cars of meat a week, in return for which the Pere Marquette agreed to use none but Armour's fruit cars for its fruit shipments. The Pere Marquette had a few refrigerator cars of its own with which it served its customers; but under the new contract it could not supply its own cars to the people along its own lines."

That statement is misleading as a whole and specifically false in detail. The writer of it never would have ventured to make it if he had sought the facts. He could have easily learned them from the Interstate Commerce Commission's records which are open and accessible to all. Now what are the facts? They are simply as follows:

The Pere Marquette Railroad undertook, in 1901, to furnish refrigeration for the fruit business along its line, using a few old refrigerator cars of its own and borrowing from other lines. That season, with its bad service and consequent heavy fruit losses, is still remembered with a shudder by Michigan peach growers. For the following season, 1902, the Pere Marquette Railroad made an experimental contract—an exclusive contract—with the Armour Car Lines. When that shipping season was over the Pere Marquette Railroad officials made inquiry among the growers and shippers as to how they had been served and how they liked the exclusive arrangement. The response was so heartily in favor of the Armour service and the guarantees of the exclusive contract that the Pere Marquette immediately made another exclusive contract with the Armour Car Lines for three seasons.

The Pere Marquette Case

THE first, or experimental, contract was executed July 18, 1902; the second was executed on December 23, 1902. The meat-carrying contract between the Pere Marquette Railroad and Armour & Co. was executed on August 1, 1904. *Therefore, this meat contract, by means of which the writer in question says the fruit contract was extorted from the Pere Marquette, was not made until more than two years after the execution of the first fruit-car contract and nineteen months after the second fruit-car contract. And there was nothing unusual or "special"* in the meat-carrying contract. Other packers made similar agreements with the Pere Marquette at that time—in the summer of 1904.

And right here it should be said that this gross misstatement comes as near the truth as any of the charges brought to show how Armour, as a packer, sandbags the railroads into giving his car lines exclusive contracts for the refrigeration of fresh fruits and vegetables.

Now there is a sequel to the Pere Marquette case; and the sequel should be interesting to those whose sympathies have been wrought upon by sensational writers until they mourn the fate of Michigan peach growers in the clutches of "Armour and his monopoly." It is the more interesting because all orators against the private car lines in magazines and in Interstate Commerce hearings have made the Pere Marquette situation their pet "horrible example."

The private car lines' exclusive contract for fruit refrigeration service on the Pere Marquette Railroad expired last fall about the time the road went into the hands of a receiver. That contract has been renewed within thirty days by the receiver representing the United States Court. It is an *exclusive* contract, too.

The receiver of the Pere Marquette is Hon. Judson F. Harmon, of Cincinnati, a lawyer of national reputation, who was Attorney-General of the United States in President

Cleveland's Cabinet. The court behind him is a United States Court, superior in its powers even to the Interstate Commerce Commission. It will hardly be alleged, I think, that Judson F. Harmon, acting as an agent of the United States Court, has made this contract as part of a trade for a haul of "forty cars of meat a week." Nor is this emphatic indorsement by the growers and shippers of that line due, as our enemies may contend, to the fact that the Pere Marquette road is in the hands of a receiver. The fact is these growers and shippers have stood by us loyally from the first year of our operations in Michigan, and will doubtless do so as long as we continue, as we have in the past, to give them value received.

It seems hardly necessary to say that Judge Harmon, as receiver, made this contract only after he was thoroughly satisfied that it would be the best for the railroad and best for the growers and shippers along its line. His method of satisfying himself is especially interesting in view of the widely circulated statements to the effect that the fruit grower has been robbed by the private car lines and is struggling to escape from its clutches.

The question of getting ready to move next summer's fruit crop came up to Receiver Harmon in the natural course of railroad administration.

To determine exactly what ought to be done about it—and perhaps moved somewhat by current criticism of private car lines and their exclusive contract system, especially as to the Pere Marquette Railroad—Judge Harmon ordered a house-to-house canvass, as it were, of the territory concerned. The officials of the road went out along the line a few weeks ago, met the growers and shippers at the respective shipping points, invited frank and outspoken expressions of their experience with the refrigeration service furnished by railroads as well as by private car lines, and asked what they wished for the coming season.

Quality First; Rate Second

THE stenographic report of those conferences shows that a preference for the continuation of the previous arrangement—for private refrigerator cars operated under the exclusive contract that is alleged to be "throttling the fruit industry"—has been and is practically unanimous from one end of the railway to the other. The report abounds in expressions like these:

The rate is a secondary consideration; quality of service comes first.

I prefer the Armour car, at double the price, to any other car we ever had.

Deliver us from refrigerator cars borrowed from other railroads! We want cars that we know will come to us clean and in good condition.

If the Pere Marquette were sending in their cars free and furnishing ice and all, I would prefer the Armour cars and pay the present rate.

The difference between private car line refrigeration rates in Michigan in 1900, or before, and those subsequent to that year has been the subject of persistent and willful misrepresentation. This juggling of the truth has been the more dishonest because it has sought to justify itself by emphasizing a technicality.

The private car lines' Michigan tariff for 1902 *was* higher than for previous years. The reason for it was this: Prior to 1902 the Michigan railroads *paid for all the ice* used for the initial icing of all fruit cars before being loaded, for re-icing after being loaded, and for re-icing en route to the East, the heaviest part of the business; the shipper paid for no ice except that used for re-icing cars en route to the South and West. The car lines' tariff, therefore, entirely excluded the cost of the *initial icing and re-icing Eastward; it covered only the service* Eastward and only service and re-icing to the South and West. After the first contract was made the railroads stopped furnishing ice and the car lines' tariff then had to be made high enough to cover the new expense (namely, the *cost of all ice* both for initial icing and re-icing) as well as the service as before. This change in rates brought no additional profit to the car line.

Free icing at the railroad's expense was never practiced, so far as I know, in connection with the fruit business, anywhere but in Michigan. It was discontinued there—after the 1900 contract—for the simple reason that the railroads could not afford it; the traffic manager of the Pere Marquette, Mr. A. Patriarche, in sworn testimony before the Interstate Commerce Commission, in June, 1904, made clear the fact that free ice ate up fifty per cent. of the revenue from fruit shipments. The car lines' part in the change was explicitly stated to the United States Senate's Committee on Interstate Commerce May 15, 1905, by Mr. George B. Robbins, president of the Armour Car Lines, as follows:

"In 1900 we furnished refrigeration to shippers of Michigan peaches, and under the railroad rule or classification then in effect, *the railroad paid us* for, or absorbed, the cost of ice both at loading stations and *en route*, and our rates were based on these conditions. I cannot recall a similar rule having ever been in effect elsewhere.

"In 1901 or 1902 the Michigan roads changed this rule and discontinued furnishing the ice free, and we advanced our charges to cover the additional cost of ice to us.

"We had nothing whatever to do with this change in rule, and our profit was not increased by the increased charge for the refrigeration over the previous abnormally low one. The matter is one entirely between the road and the shippers and is not chargeable to the car lines in any way."

By cunningly exploiting the rate-advance, which was due entirely to the railroads' discontinuance of free ice, as I have shown, the car lines' critics seek to smother this further fact: Michigan peach growers have prospered under the good service furnished by the exclusive contract and full refrigeration tariff as they never prospered before; they have said so; and, as we have seen from Receiver Harmon's inquiry, the peach growers along the Pere Marquette heartily favor a continuance of the service. It is pertinent to the rate question to reiterate this statement: In practically every section where Armour cars operate under exclusive contracts refrigeration rates are lower than they were before such contracts were made, and as fast as economies can be effected in organization and management and as business increases, rates are further reduced. This policy has been consistently pursued and will continue to be.

This is the way in which, from start to finish, the magazine agitators have made their case by unsupported personal statements—cunningly selected half-truths and imaginings dressed up to look like facts, and all trimmed to fit preconceived theory. It is clearly impossible, for reasons of space, to consider all their charges. It is worth while, however, to touch briefly upon a few other facts that have been persistently—and adroitly—garbled by these writers.

Juggling the Facts

THROUGHOUT the studied efforts to "make a case" against the private car lines, facts have been juggled or wantonly suppressed to give these impressions: That the only expense attached to refrigeration service is the cost of ice; that the car lines secure exclusive contracts with railroads by some secret, underhand method, or by coercing weak railroads, and then arbitrarily "charge what they like"; that the largest, best-equipped and best-operated railways furnish refrigeration service "of the highest character" at lower rates than the car lines do; that the refrigeration service charge is "extortion," as applied to the fruit and vegetable grower, and a "burden" upon the "perishable food supply of the nation." Let us deal specifically with these misrepresentations.

Private car line refrigeration service, I repeat, is not an ice business; it is a *highly specialized service*—a typical product of this specializing age. In the professions—law, medicine, engineering—the specialist commands the highest price for his work. That business house—in manufacturing or in merchandizing—is most successful whose department-heads have best learned how to specialize. Why apply a different standard to refrigeration service? There was a time in the railroad business when passengers and freight were carried in the same train. The freight train of to-day is better, faster and safer than the mixed passenger and freight train of former days; the "regular" train is still better; the "limited" is better yet, and a ride on it costs more. Specializing—nothing but specializing, in car-building, engine-building, track-building and operation—has produced the Chicago-to-New York eighteen-hour train.

There is as much difference between good refrigerator cars and bad refrigerator cars, between good refrigeration

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service and poor refrigeration service, as there is between the good and the poor in any kind of business. As in other lines of business, too, a good refrigeration service costs more than poor service—much more—and is worth more—worth much more—than the extra cost. It is, therefore, misleading, not to say dishonest, to assume that all refrigerator cars and all kinds of refrigeration service are alike, to compare rates on that basis and to call the higher rate "extortionate" without taking into account the service value given for that rate. As well say that every suit of clothes is equally good and all suits ought to be sold at the same price. Let me recapitulate, briefly, the main points of the service:

Refrigeration service of the first class—the kind private car lines furnish—must be thoroughly organized and manned by specialists, and must be comprehensive in its field of operation, equipped to give the shipper service *in* and *to* any part of the country. Its cars must be specially designed for carrying highly perishable berries and fruit; it must keep those cars in the best possible condition, and permit them to be used but rarely and discreetly for carrying anything but fruit, berries or vegetables. It must maintain, the year round, an expert and expensive force of men to prepare, in detail and long in advance, for the car supply, ice supply, in most districts bracing and stripping lumber, labor, etc., to meet the varying demand of each season in each district where it operates. It must carry a still larger force to manage and supervise loading and icing stations during the shipping season, men who receive traveling expenses as well as salary, and who are idle at the expense of the car lines practically three months in the year. It must maintain throughout the country icing stations, icing inspectors, and men to handle the ice for prompt re-icing of cars and whole trains in transit. It must maintain car building and car repair shops near all the large fruit districts, and often gangs of repairers in the field, for hardly a car makes a trip without needing some repairs. The employees in the field are, in most cases, practical fruit men as well as refrigeration men, who can show the inexperienced grower how to handle his crop.

What the Car Line Risks

And, finally—but by no means least—the car line must assume the risk. It must buy and store great quantities of ice and organize its force of employees before the first fruit tree blossoms. It may make all the extensive preparations for a record crop that turns out a total failure and converts preparations into dead loss. On the other hand, it may prepare, on the best estimates obtainable, for an average crop and be called upon to handle a phenomenal one: and if it falls short of enough cars, ice or men to handle an unexpectedly heavy or fast-ripening crop, it must stand the consequences.

At this writing we are put to extreme measures, because of the open winter, to secure an ice supply for next season. At one northern point alone we are spending $100,000 for an ice machine to meet this emergency. Again, we are buying machine ice where we should have natural ice, and shipping it from remote points. All this heavy expense involves no advance of refrigeration rates. The burden falls on the car lines, not on the growers.

Without the guaranty of an exclusive contract, as I tried to make clear in a former article, the private refrigerator car line could not afford to assume the risks of this business; neither could it afford to furnish the service at the price it charges. Experience has demonstrated that to the satisfaction of growers, shippers and railroads. Experience has demonstrated, too, that the exclusive contract is as much a benefit to the car lines' customers as it is to the car lines. It is a guaranty to the grower, the shipper and the railroad that when the fruit crop ripens in a given territory there will be an ample supply of first-class refrigerator cars to carry the fruit in, and an organized refrigeration service to protect the fruit on its way to any and every market. The refrigerator car line and the exclusive contract exist solely because they *have been proven to be an economic necessity in the handling of perishable fruits and vegetables.* They owe nothing to favoritism and none is practiced by means of them, directly or indirectly, for or against any railroad, car line, grower, shipper or receiver of shipments.

Some of the most important contracts held by the Armour Car Lines are in that great fruit belt extending through Florida, Georgia, South Carolina and North Carolina, where the railroads could not possibly be coerced by Armour & Co.'s "great power over the railroad" as "a great shipper." The railroads there with which exclusive contracts have been made for years *are competing lines:* the Southern, the Seaboard Air Line and the Atlantic Coast Line, the Central of Georgia, the Western and Atlantic, and the Georgia Southern and Florida, and so on. How would you force the same kind of an exclusive contract from each of three competing lines by threatening to divert freight from one to another?

Another point: Armour is not a "great shipper" over any of the railroads in that territory. The meat and provisions shipments that go over these roads are not heavy through shipments on a wholesale basis—for export, for redistribution, etc.—but are only the comparatively small shipments to supply local consumption in a territory whose largest city has a population of only 150,000. Shipments of that character hardly give Armour "great power over the railroads."

Now let us see what there is to the complaint that the exclusive contract gives the private car line a "monopoly" and enables it to "charge what it likes."

No Monopoly

A refrigerator car line does acquire, by an exclusive contract, all the refrigeration business arising during the life of the contract on the particular railroad contracted with, and acquires it for the reasons already explained; but this contract no more creates a monopoly, in the accepted meaning of the word, than does the contract under which one paper mill, for example, supplies all the paper of certain grades used by the United States Government. The refrigerator car line's contract, like the paper mill's contract, is simply an agreement that certain well-defined service shall be performed during a certain period at a certain price, and in accordance with specifically described conditions. The contract is open to competition before it is executed. The specifications or conditions as to car supply, ice supply, re-icing, etc., are carefully drawn to meet the requirements of the shippers and the railroads. Maximum rates are named, it is specified that the rates shall be reasonable, and the car line is not left a chance to "charge what it likes." Contract conditions having been thus prescribed, the railroad naturally lets the refrigeration contract to the car line that is best able to carry out the contract conditions. Right here I may explain that in many cases, and whenever conditions warrant it, the rates charged are less than the maximum rates named in the contract. And if rates should be made too high—so high as to be burdensome—the railroad, which ought to be selfishly interested in encouraging its shippers, has the remedy in its own hands. It can annul the contract for cause. To emphasize what I have before suggested, look at this rate question from the cold business-sense viewpoint. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, for example, has a monopoly in its own peculiar field as a high-class weekly magazine. Could it afford to put its price per copy so high that the people would not buy it; or could it afford to put a prohibitive price upon its advertising columns—a price that would make it an unprofitable medium for advertisers? The greater the quantity of fruit grown, the greater the volume of business for refrigerator cars. No car line could afford to make oppressive rates that would discourage and diminish fruit growing. And if the car line were so foolish as to do that, could the railroad afford to let it be done and so rob itself of freight revenue from fruit shipments?

In view of the facts I have stated as to how car lines' exclusive contracts are made, the logic of your own business experience ought to make it plain that a car line cannot "charge what it likes," and, if it could, would not desire to charge unreasonable rates.

Now for a few facts on the broad statements and broader insinuations to the effect that certain strong railroads—too strong to be influenced by the power of "a great shipper"—furnish better refrigeration at lower rates than private car lines do. Certain railroads do operate their own refrigerator cars, but chiefly in the dairy products and produce business. The private car lines which are under fire do berry and fruit refrigeration chiefly, which is

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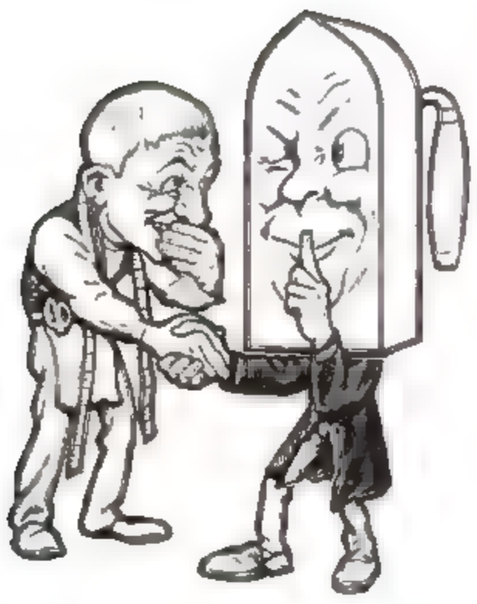

Old Doctor Goose Is a Great Friend of the Tailor

DOCTOR GOOSE is a great friend of the Tailor in a good many ways.

He is most commonly known as the Hot Flat Iron

Everybody knows how useful he is at certain times;—and for certain purposes

He has a magical way of restoring sickly looking clothes to *temporary* health and comely appearance.

But very few people know that he does a good deal of his work "in the dark," so to speak;—and remember this—if he *hadn't* so much to do with the shaping of clothes in the *first place*, there would not be so great a need for his services later on.

* * *

These are the little secrets of the clothing business—or they have been heretofore

Nobody has ever paid much attention to them

They have been taken for granted—just as a matter of course.

Yet this Flat Iron trickery is responsible for clothes losing their shape and character so quickly

* * *

The Hot Flat-Iron has been the "cure-all" of the clothing business; and the result shows in about 80 per cent of all clothes

A little steam, and a little heat and pressure—applied as only the tailor can do it, and behold! a fullness has been *shrunken*, or a shortness *stretched out* to cover defects in cutting or sewing

This Flat Iron work—the "dope" of the clothing business, is the cleanest and most common way of *throwing style* into a garment.

But it only removes defects temporarily, and Flat-Iron shaped garments are sure to *roll out*;—and lose shape and character when worn on a damp day, no matter how the clothes may look when you *buy them*.

* * *

There's a way to do it right;—The way in which SINCERITY CLOTHES are made

It costs more, but results in garments that are honestly made and which serve the wearer faithfully

The SINCERITY way is to *permanently* remove any faults that occur in the making, by the use of the Shears, and Honest Hand Needle-Work

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Now—if Shape insurance, and Style retention are worth anything to you, Mr. Reader, look for the label of the "Sincerity Clothiers" in your next Coat or Overcoat

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entirely different from the refrigeration required for dairy products and produce. Consequently, comparison of the two, as to rates or otherwise, is unfair.

Only a very few railroads furnish refrigeration on a large scale or pretend to furnish inspection and re-icing after shipments leave their own lines. Most of the few roads which do this, as the Santa Fe and the Gould Lines, maintain a separate refrigeration service organization like that of the private car lines and charge relatively the same rates that private car lines do. The railroads which make a lower refrigeration rate do this business at a loss. I believe they would so state if asked.

The Pennsylvania Railroad and the Gould Lines have been mentioned as having refused to make exclusive contracts with private car lines, the insinuation being that they were strong enough to defy "the octopus." Note these facts: The private car lines have no formal contract with the Pennsylvania Railroad, but one of them for years has handled most of the berries and fruit refrigeration on that road, especially in Delaware, where the most of the Pennsylvania Railroad's fruit and berry traffic originates. And that same private car line has been asked by the railroad to take care of the berry and fruit refrigeration on the Pennsylvania this year. Nearly all of the Pennsylvania's own refrigerator cars are used for dairy products and produce.

The Gould Lines, as railroads, do not own any refrigerator cars; they do own the American Refrigerator Transit Company, which is a separate corporation and is operated just as the Armour and other private car lines are. Most of these A. R. T. cars are also used for dairy products and produce. One Gould line, the Denver and Rio Grande, had an exclusive contract with a private car line, which expired in 1904 or in 1905; the A. R. T. cars then replaced Armour cars on the Denver and Rio Grande for handling Colorado's large and growing fruit business. About a month ago the old exclusive contract between the Armour Car Lines and the Denver and Rio Grande, a Gould line, was renewed *at the request of that railroad and of the growers and shippers* along its lines. So this year private car line refrigerator cars will replace Gould cars on a Gould railroad. These facts ought to satisfy the most captious that there is no honesty in the statement or insinuation that railroads furnish better refrigeration than private car lines do or furnish as good service at lower rates, or that they are forced to take our service. The testimony of railroad officials who have had to give special attention to refrigeration is practically all to the contrary. The railroads on which the great bulk of highly perishable fruit business originates—the Southern Pacific, Pere Marquette, the Atlantic Coast Line, the Central of Georgia and other southeastern lines—long since adopted the private car line service and facilities under exclusive contracts, *to the better satisfaction of the growers.*

The Consumer's Interest

The consumer, too, has a vital interest in this private car line question. Every city housewife of moderate means knows that the season during which she can have fresh fruits and vegetables on her table is months longer now than it used to be six to ten years ago. Then only the very rich could disregard the season by disregarding expense in supplying the table; but families of small or moderate incomes had to get their "fresh" fruit, berries and vegetables out of cans for a large part of the year. That condition was not changed until refrigerator car service, developed and made efficient by the specializing of the private car lines, opened the way for growers in all parts of the country to grow and market early fruits and vegetables at a profit. The truth of this will appeal to any city resident whether a member of a family or a patron of a boarding-house, hotel or restaurant. The moderately circumstanced in all cities had no fresh fruits and vegetables until crops ripened at near-by points. In Chicago they waited for strawberries until they came from Indiana and southern Illinois and did not revel in them until the Michigan crop ripened; New York's economical housewives waited for Delaware's crop. The "popular price" restaurant or hotel did not pretend to carry lettuce, fresh tomatoes and such tender vegetables in the midwinter menu; if they appeared at all in the winter they appeared only as occasional novelties—a stroke of enterprise by the proprietor—at a fancy price. Patrons of all such restaurants and hotels in the large cities now have lettuce, fresh tomatoes, etc., on the daily bill-of-fare practically the year round and at reasonable prices.

Take the cantaloup, for example; until within a decade it could be had for only a very short period and only at a high price. To find one on the market as early as the Fourth of July was a novelty. Now Florida cantaloups come into the market in the latter part of May, and the development of cantaloup-growing in favorable sections, from Delaware to Colorado and California, keeps them coming to market all summer at prices that make them an every-day delicacy in families which used to deem them a luxury produced only for the very rich. In 1897, it was estimated that not more than 400 cars of cantaloups were grown in the whole country. Last year's crop, after only eight years of development, was figured at nearly 7000 carloads. A section of the Salton Desert, California, where the private car lines have ice houses below the sea level and where the temperature often rises to 125 degrees, had 64 acres of cantaloup four years ago; this season it will have 2500 acres in cantaloups.

The practical, frugal housewife of to-day does only a fraction of the "putting up" and preserving that she did ten years ago. Why go to that trouble? She can supply her table better and for the same, or less, sum of money because she gets fresh fruits and vegetables practically all the year. I am not saying in this, mark you, that cost of living has been reduced by this fruit and vegetable development due to refrigeration service; *but I do say that thousands and millions of persons are able, by reason of that development, to live better for the same money.*

Running a New Line

FIVE years ago a friend of mine was a bank clerk in a city of some seventy-five thousand inhabitants situated in one of the central States. This young man was twenty-five years old, of slight physique, and unfitted for manual labor. Yet his physician warned him that he must either seek some outdoor vocation or forfeit his life.

As the poor fellow had only saved up five hundred dollars, his prospects were gloomy enough. However, he had the business sagacity to detect an entirely new feature in an established industry.

My friend had noted that it was practically impossible for city people to secure fresh, clean eggs with certainty, and he fancied that if he could contract to supply these there would be an instant demand for them at an advance of from fifty to seventy-five per cent. over the price of ordinary eggs. The clerk discussed the matter with the banker, who was so impressed with the feasibility of the plan that, to aid his ex-clerk, he secured for my friend a little place of twelve acres, ten miles from the city, at seven hundred and fifty dollars, on one, two and three years' time. This arrangement left the little capital of five hundred dollars intact for the venture.

For the first eighteen months—until my friend had established his flocks—the utmost economy was necessary: "the simple life," indeed, as the ex-clerk described it. Since then the business has grown and prospered far beyond the fondest hopes of its founder, and the young man has not only gained robust health, but is master of a profitable and growing business in which he delights. His fowls are brown Leghorns and barred Plymouth Rocks, and scrupulous attention is paid to feeding, care and cleanliness. The eggs are collected two or three times daily, and are carefully assorted according to size and color.. There are four colors: pearl-white, white, light-cream and dark-cream. Unshapely, stained and discolored eggs are rejected and sold without brand in the open market.

After grading the eggs are packed, three dozen to a package, in a neat pasteboard box expressly made for the purpose, and attractively labeled with the name and address of the egg-farm. Great care is taken to have the packages as neat and pleasing as possible. The box is then sealed with a seal giving size and color and date of gathering. There is absolutely no chance of change or substitution, and the purchaser knows that the package is correctly labeled. Ten of these boxes are packed in a wooden case and sent to the city by the evening train, ready for delivery to the consumer early next morning

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Fox Typewriter Company

Executive Office and Factory

468 Front St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

SOLOMON'S SEAL

(Continued from Page 5)

"Can you not see she is?" he asked impatiently.

"No," said the Tracer.

Harren stared at him.

"Captain Harren," continued the Tracer, "I can see nothing upon this bit of paper that resembles in the remotest degree a human face or figure."

Harren turned white.

"Not that I doubt that *you* can see it," pursued the Tracer calmly. "I simply repeat that I see absolutely nothing on this paper except a part of a curtain, a window-pane, and—and——"

"What! For God's sake!" cried Harren hoarsely.

"I don't know yet. Wait; let me study it."

"Can you not see her face, her eyes? *Don't* you see that exquisite slim figure standing there by the curtain?" demanded Harren, laying his shaking finger on the photograph. "Why, man, it is as clear, as clean cut, as distinct as though the picture had been taken in sunlight! Do you mean to say that there is nothing there—that I am crazy?"

"No. Wait."

"Wait! How can I wait when you sit staring at her picture and telling me that you can't see it, but that it is doubtless there? Are you deceiving me, Mr. Keen? Are you trying to humor me, trying to be kind to me, knowing all the while that I'm crazy——"

"Wait, man! You are no more crazy than I am. I tell you that I can see something on the window-pane——"

He suddenly sprang up and walked to the window, leaning close and examining the glass. Harren followed and laid his hand lightly over the pane.

"Do you see any marks on the glass?" demanded Keen.

Harren shook his head.

"Have you a magnifying-glass?" asked the Tracer.

Harren pointed back to the table, and they returned to the photograph, the Tracer bending over it and examining it through the glass.

"All I see," he said, still studying the photograph, "is a corner of a curtain and a window on which certain figures seem to have been cut. . . . Look, Captain Harren, can you see them?"

"I see some marks—some squares."

"You can't see anything written on that pane—as though cut by a diamond?"

"Nothing distinct."

"But you see *her*?"

"Perfectly."

"In minute detail?"

"Yes."

The Tracer thought a moment: "Does she wear a ring?"

"Yes; can't you see?"

"Draw it for me."

They seated themselves side by side, and Harren drew a rough sketch of the ring which he insisted was so plainly visible on her hand:

"Oh," observed the Tracer, "she wears the Seal of Solomon on her ring."

Harren looked up at him. "That symbol has haunted me persistently for three years," he said. "I have found it everywhere—on articles that I buy, on house furniture, on the belts of dead ladrones, on the hilts of krises, on the funnels of steamers, on the headstalls of horses. If they put a laundry mark on my linen it's certain to be this! ⊠ If I buy a box of matches the sign ⊠ is on it. Why, I've even seen it on the brilliant wings of tropical insects. It's got on my nerves. I dream about it."

"And you buy books about it and try to work out its mystical meaning?" suggested the Tracer, smiling.

But Harren's gray eyes were serious. He said: "*She* never comes to me without that symbol somewhere about her. . . . I told you she never spoke to me. That is true; yet once, in a vivid dream of her, she did speak. I—I was almost ashamed to tell you of that."

"Tell me."

"A—a dream? Do you wish to know what I dreamed?"

"Yes—if it was a dream."

"It was. I was asleep on the deck of the Mindinao, dead tired after a fruitless hike. I dreamed she came toward me through a young woodland all lighted by the sun, and in her hands she held masses of that wild flower we call Solomon's Seal. And she said in the voice I know must be like hers: 'If you could only read! If you would only understand the message I send you! It is everywhere on earth for you to read, if you only would!'

"I said: 'Is the message in the seal? Is that the key to it?'

"She nodded, laughing, burying her face in the flowers, and said:

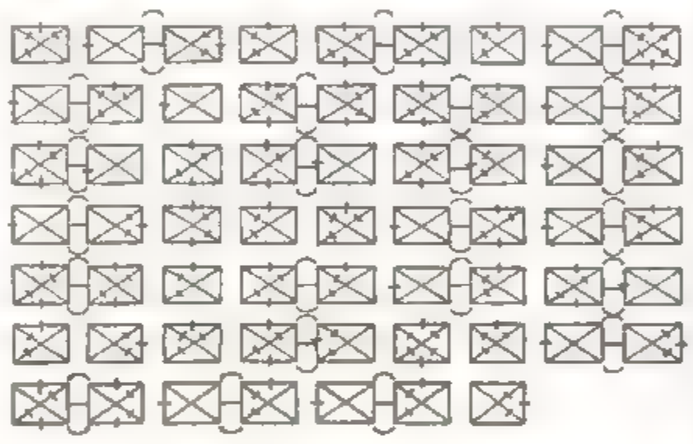
"'Perhaps I can write it more plainly for you some day; I will try very, very hard.'

"And after that she went away—not swiftly—for I saw her at moments far away in the woods; but I must have confused her with the glimmering shafts of sunlight, and in a little while the woodland grew dark and I woke with the racket of a Colt's automatic in my ears."

He passed his sun-bronzed hand over his face, hesitated, then leaned over the photograph once more which the Tracer was studying intently through the magnifying-glass.

"There is something on that window in the photograph which I'm going to copy," he said. "Please shove a pad and pencil toward me."

Still examining the photograph through the glass which he held in his right hand, Mr. Keen picked up the pencil and, feeling for the pad, began, very slowly, to form the following series of symbols.



"What on earth are you doing?" muttered Captain Harren, twisting his short mustache in perplexity.

"I am copying what I see through this magnifying-glass written on the window-pane in the photograph," said the Tracer calmly. "Can't you see those marks?"

"I—I do now; I never noticed them before particularly—only that there were scratches there."

When at length the Tracer had finished his work he sat, chin on hand, examining it in silence. Presently he turned toward Harren, smiling.

"Well?" inquired the younger man impatiently; "do those scratches representing Solomon's Seal mean anything?"

"It's the strangest cipher I ever encountered," said Mr. Keen—"the strangest I ever heard of. I have seen hundreds of ciphers—hundreds—secret codes of the State Department, secret military codes, elaborate Oriental ciphers, symbols used in commercial transactions, symbols used by criminals and every species of malefactor. And every one of them can be solved with time and patience and a little knowledge of the subject. But this"—he sat looking at it with eyes half-closed—"this is *too* simple."

"Simple!"

"Very. It's so simple that it's baffling."

"Do you mean to say you are going to be able to find a meaning in squares and crosses?"

"I—I don't believe it is going to be so very difficult to translate them."

"Great guns!" said the Captain. "Do you mean to say that you can ultimately translate that cipher?"

The Tracer smiled. "Let's examine it for repetitions first. Here we have this symbol ⊠ repeated five times. It's likely to be the letter E. I think ——" His voice ceased; for a quarter of an hour he pored over the symbols, pencil in hand, checking off some, substituting a letter here and there.

"No," he said; "the usual doesn't work in this case. It's an absurdly simple cipher. I have a notion that numbers play a part in it—you see where these crossed squares are

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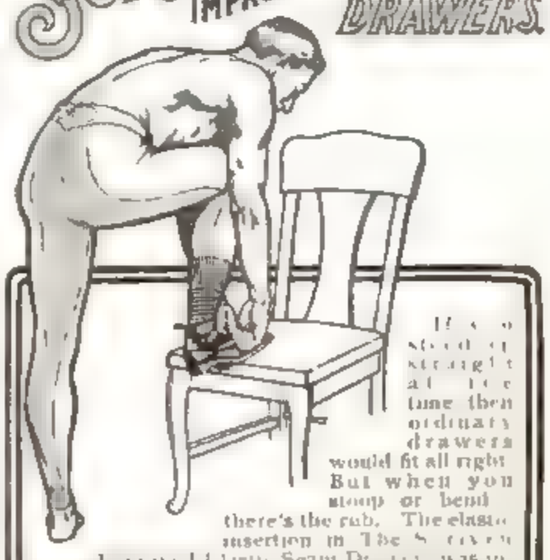

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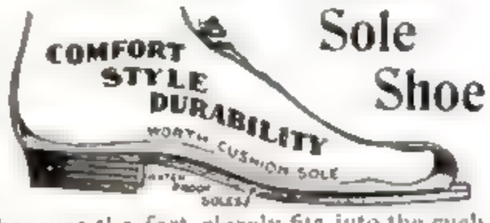

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bracketed!—those must be numbers requiring two figures.'

He fell silent again, and for another quarter of an hour he remained motionless, immersed in the problem before him, Harren frowning at the paper over his shoulder.

'Come!" said the Tracer suddenly, "this won't do. There are too few symbols to give us a key; too few repetitions to furnish us with any key basis. Come, Captain, let us use our intellects; let us talk it over with that paper lying there between us. It's a simple cipher—a childishly simple one if we use our wits. Now, sir, what I see repeated before us on this sheet of paper is merely one of the forms of a symbol known as Solomon's Seal. The symbol is, as we see, repeated a great many times. Every seal ✉ has been dotted or crossed on some one of the lines composing it; some seals are coupled with brackets and armatures.'

"What of it?" inquired Harren vacantly.

'Well, sir, in the first place, that symbol, ✉ is supposed to represent the spiritual and material, as you know. What else do you know about it?"

'Nothing. I bought a book about it, but made nothing of it.'

"Isn't it supposed," asked Mr. Keen, "to contain within itself the nine numerals, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and even the zero symbol?"

'I believe so."

"Exactly. Here's the seal ✉ Now I'll mark the one, two and three by crossing the lines, like this: one, ✉ two, ✉ three. ✉ Now, eliminating all lines not crossed there remains the one, 1 the two, Z the three, 3 And here is the entire series:

1 Z 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

and the zero—▷." A sudden excitement stirred Harren; he leaned over the paper, gazing earnestly at the cipher; the Tracer rose and glanced around the room as though in search of something.

"Is there a telephone here?" he asked.

"For Heaven's sake, don't give this up just yet," exclaimed Harren. "These things mean numbers; don't you see? Look at that!" pointing to a linked pair of seals, ⌒ "That means the number nineteen! You can form ⌒ it by using only the crossed lines of the seal † ✡ Don't you see, Mr. Keen?"

'Yes, Captain Harren, the cipher is, as you say, very plain; quite as easy to read as so much handwriting. That is why I wish to use your telephone—at once, if you please.'

"It's in my bedroom; you don't mind if I go on working out this cipher while you're telephoning?"

'Not in the least," said the Tracer blandly. He walked into the Captain's bedroom, closing the door behind him; then he stepped over to the telephone, unhooked the receiver, and called up his own headquarters.

"Hello. This is Mr. Keen. I want to speak to Miss Borrow."

In a few moments Miss Borrow answered: "I am here, Mr. Keen."

"Good. Look up the name, Inwood. Try New York first—Edith Inwood is the name. Look sharp, please; I am holding the wire."

He held it for ten full minutes; then Miss Borrow's low voice called him over the wire.

"Go ahead," said the Tracer quietly.

"There is only one Edith Inwood in New York, Mr. Keen—Miss Edith Inwood, graduate of Barnard, 1902—left an orphan 1903 and obliged to support herself—became an assistant to Professor Boggs of the Museum of Inscriptions. Is considered an authority upon Arabian cryptograms. Has written a monograph on the Herati symbol—a short treatise on the Swastika. She is twenty-four years of age. Do you require further details?"

"No," said the Tracer; "please ring off."

Then he called up General Information. "I want the Museum of Inscriptions. Get me their number, please." After a moment: "Is this the Museum of Inscriptions?"

"Is Professor Boggs there?"

"Is this Professor Boggs?"

"Could you find time to decipher an inscription for me at once?"

"Of course I know you are extremely busy, but have you no assistant who could do it?"

"What did you say her name is? Miss Inwood?"

"Oh! And will the young lady translate the inscription at once if I send a copy of it to her by messenger?'

"Thank you very much, Professor. I will send a messenger to Miss Inwood with a copy of the inscription. Good-by."

He hung up the receiver, turned thoughtfully, opened the door again and walked into the sunlit living-room.

"Look here!" cried the Captain in a high state of excitement. "I've got a lot of numbers out of it already."

"Wonderful!" murmured the Tracer, looking over the young man's broad shoulders at a sheet of paper bearing these numbers:

9 14 5 22 5 18 19 1 24 25
15 21 2 21 20 15 14 3 5
9 12 15 22 5 25 15 21 5 1
9 20 8–9–14 23–15–15 1

'Marvelous!" repeated the Tracer, smiling. "Now what *do* you suppose those numbers can stand for?'

"Letters!" announced the Captain triumphantly. "Take the number nine, for example. The ninth letter in the alphabet is I! Mr. Keen, suppose we try writing down the letters according to that system!"

"Suppose we do," agreed the Tracer gravely.

So, counting under his breath, the young man set down the letters in the following order, not attempting to group them into words:

INEVERSAWYOUBUTONCEILOVE YOUEDITHINWOOD

Then he leaned back, excited, triumphant.

"There you are!" he said; "only, of course, it makes no sense." He examined it in silence, and gradually a hopeless expression effaced the animation. "How the deuce am I going to separate that mass of letters into words?" he muttered.

"This way," said the Tracer, smilingly taking the pencil from his fingers, and he wrote: I—NEVER—SAW—YOU—BUT ONCE. I—LOVE—YOU. EDITH INWOOD.

Then he laid the pencil on the table and walked to the window.

Once or twice he fancied that he heard incoherent sounds behind him. And after a while he turned, retracing his steps leisurely. Captain Harren, extremely pink, stood tugging at his short mustache and studying the papers on the desk.

"Well?" inquired the Tracer, amused.

The young man pointed to the translation with unsteady finger. "W-what on earth does that mean?" he demanded shakily. "Who is Edith Inwood? W-what on earth does that cryptogram mean on the window-pane in the photograph? How did it come there? It isn't on my window-pane, you see!"

The Tracer said quietly: "That is not a photograph of your window."

"What!"

"No, Captain. Here! Look at it closely through this glass. There are sixteen small panes in that sash; now count the panes in your window—eight! Besides, look at that curtain. It is made of some figured stuff like chintz. Now, look at your own curtain yonder! It is of plain velour."

"But—but I took that photograph! She stood there—there by that very window!"

The Tracer leaned over the photograph, examining it through the glass. And, studying it, he said: "Do you still see *her* in this photograph, Captain Harren?"

"Certainly. Can you not see her?"

"No," murmured the Tracer, "but I see the window which she really stood by when her phantom came here seeking you. And that is sufficient. Come, Captain Harren, we are going out together."

The Captain looked at him earnestly, something in Mr. Keen's eyes seemed to fascinate him.

"You think that—that it's likely we are g-going to see—*her!*" he faltered.

"If I were you," mused the Tracer of Lost Persons, joining the tips of his lean fingers meditatively—"If I were you I should wear a silk hat and a frock coat. It's—it's afternoon, anyhow," he added deprecatingly, "and we are liable to make a call."

Captain Harren turned like a man in a dream, and entered his bedroom. And

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when he emerged he was dressed and groomed with pathetic precision.

"Mr. Keen," he said, "I—I don't know why I am d-daring to hope for all s-sorts of things. Nothing you have said really warrants it. But somehow I'm venturing to cherish an absurd notion that I may s-see her."

"Perhaps," said the Tracer, smiling.

"Mr. Keen! You wouldn't say that if—if there was no chance, would you? You wouldn't dash a fellow's hopes——"

"No, I wouldn't," said Mr. Keen. "I tell you frankly that I expect to find her."

"To-day?"

"We'll see," said Mr. Keen guardedly. "Come, Captain, don't look that way! Courage, sir! We are about to execute a turning movement, but you look like a Russian general on his way to the south front."

Harren managed to laugh; they went out side by side, descended the elevator and found a cab at the porte-cochère. Mr. Keen gave the directions and followed the Captain into the cab.

"Now," he said, as they wheeled south, "we are first going to visit the Museum of Inscriptions and have this cipher translation verified. Here is the cipher as I copied it. Hold it tightly, Captain; we've only a few blocks to drive."

Indeed they were already nearly there. The hansom drew up in front of a plain granite building wedged in between some rather elaborate private dwelling-houses. Over the door were letters of dull bronze:

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF INSCRIPTIONS

and the two men descended and entered a wide marble hall lined with glass-covered cabinets containing plaster casts of various ancient inscriptions and a few bronze and marble originals. Several female frumps were nosing the exhibits

An attendant in livery stood in the middle distance. The Tracer walked over to him. "I have an appointment to consult Miss Inwood," he whispered.

"This way, sir," nodded the attendant, and the Tracer signaled the Captain to follow.

They climbed several marble stairways, crossed a rotunda, and entered a room—a sort of library. Beyond was a door which bore the inscription:

ASSISTANT CURATOR

"Now," said the Tracer of Lost Persons in a low voice to Captain Harren, "I am going to ask you to sit here for a few minutes while I interview the assistant curator. You don't mind, do you?"

"No, I don't mind," said Harren wearily, "only, when are we going to begin to search for—*her!*"

"Very soon—I may say extremely soon," said Mr. Keen gravely. "By the way, I think I'll take that sheet of paper on which I copied the cipher. Thank you. I won't be long."

The attendant had vanished. Captain Harren sat down by a window and gazed out into the late afternoon sunshine. The Tracer of Lost Persons, treading softly across the carpeted floor, approached the sanctuary, turned the handle, and walked in, carefully closing the door behind him.

There was a young girl seated at a desk by an open window; she looked up quietly as he entered, then rose leisurely.

"Miss Inwood?"

"Yes."

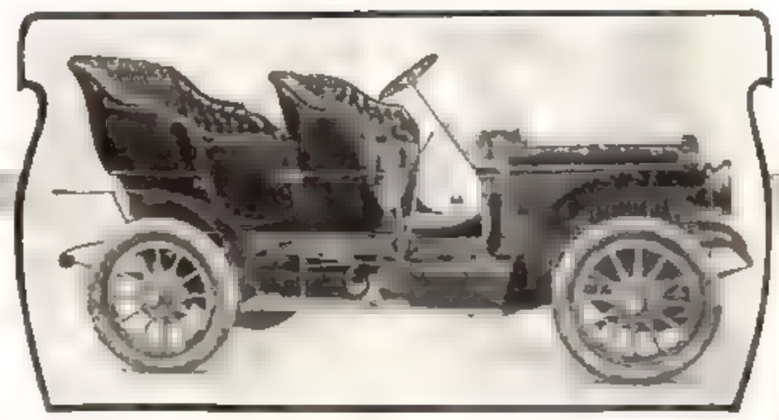
She was slender, dark-eyed, dark-haired—a lovely, wholesome, young creature, gracious and graceful. And that was all—for the Tracer of Lost Persons could not see through the eyes of Captain Harren, and perhaps that is why he was not able to discern a miracle of beauty in the pretty girl who confronted him—no magic and matchless marvel of transcendent loveliness—only a quiet, sweet-faced, dark-eyed, young girl whose features and figure were attractive in the manner that youth is always attractive. But then it is a gift of the gods to see through eyes anointed by the gods.

The Tracer touched his gray mustache and bowed; the girl bowed very sweetly.

"You are Mr. Keen," she said; "you have an inscription for me to translate."

"A mystery for young eyes to interpret," he said smiling. "May I sit here—and tell my story before I show you my inscription?"

"Please do," she said, seating herself at her desk and facing him, one slender white hand supporting the oval of her face.



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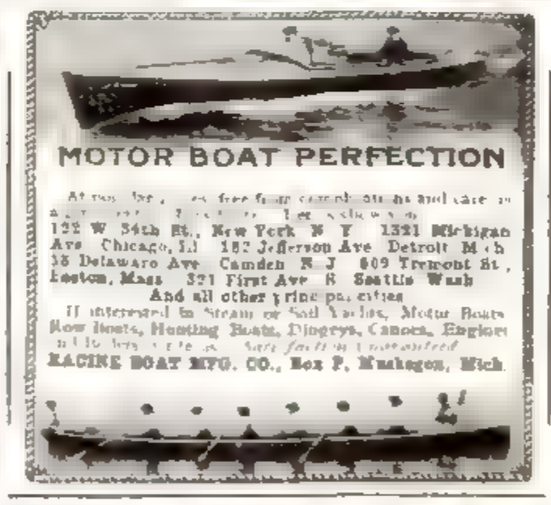

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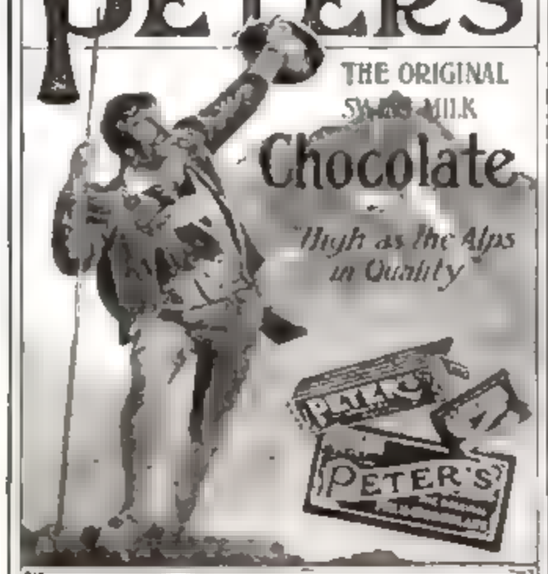

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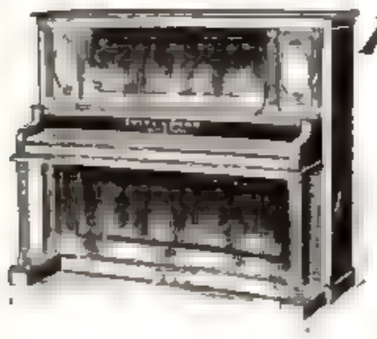

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The Tracer drew his chair a little forward. "It is a curious matter," he said. "May I give you a brief outline of the details?"

"By all means, Mr. Keen."

"Then let me begin by saying that the inscription of which I have a copy was probably scratched upon a window-pane by means of a diamond."

"Oh! Then—then it is not an ancient inscription, Mr. Keen?"

"The theme is ancient—the oldest theme in the world—love! The cipher is old—as old as King Solomon." She looked up quickly. The Tracer, apparently engrossed in his own story, went on with it. "Three years ago the young girl who wrote this inscription upon the window-pane of her her bedroom, I think it was fell in love Do you follow me, Miss Inwood?"

Miss Inwood sat very still—wide, dark eyes fixed on him.

"Fell in love," repeated the Tracer musingly, "not in the ordinary way. That is the point, you see. No, she fell in love at first sight; fell in love with a young man whom she never before had seen, never again beheld—and never forgot Do you still follow me, Miss Inwood?"

She made the slightest motion with her lips.

"No," mused the Tracer of Lost Persons, "she never forgot him. I am not sure, but I think she sometimes dreamed of him. She dreamed of him awake, too. Once she inscribed a message to him, cutting it with the diamond in her ring on the window-pane——"

A slight sound escaped from Miss Inwood's lips. "I beg your pardon," said the Tracer, "did you say something?"

The girl had risen, pale, astounded, incredulous.

"Who are you?" she faltered. "What has this—this story to do with me?"

"Child," said the Tracer of Lost Persons, "the Seal of Solomon is a splendid mystery. All of Heaven and earth are included within its symbol. And more, more than you dream of, more than I dare fathom; and I am an old man, my child—old, alone, with nobody to fear for, nothing to dread, not even the end of all—because I am ready for that, too. Yet I, having nothing on earth to dread, dare not fathom what that symbol may mean, nor what vast powers it may exert on life. God knows. It may be the very signet of Fate itself; the sign-manual of Destiny."

He drew the paper from his pocket, unrolled it and spread it out under her frightened eyes.

"*That!*" she whispered, steadying herself blindly against the arm he offered. She stood a moment so, then, shuddering, covered her eyes with both hands. The Tracer of Lost Persons looked at her, turned and opened the door.

"Captain Harren!" he called quietly. Harren, pacing the anteroom, turned and came forward. As he entered the door he caught sight of the girl crouching by the window, her face hidden in her hands, and at the same moment she dropped her hands and looked straight at him.

"*You!*" she gasped.

The Tracer of Lost Persons stepped out, closing the door. For a moment he stood there, tall, gaunt, gray, staring vacantly into space.

"She *was* beautiful—when she looked at him," he muttered.

For another minute he stood there, hesitating, glancing backward at the closed door. Then he went away, stooping slightly, his top hat held close against the breast of his tightly-buttoned frock coat.

Altitude of Gottschalk

ANECDOTES multiply which confirm the report that Mr. Charles Frohman is blessed with unusual if peculiar powers of expression. While rehearsing The Duke of Killiecrankie the stage manager wanted Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk to speak one of his lines farther "up stage," which is to say, in the extreme background. Mr. Gottschalk either thought that he was already far enough out of the footlights, or failed to catch what the stage manager said. Mr. Frohman happened to be "in front" and called out of the gloom:

"Way up high, Ferdy! Somewhere near your salary."

Mr. Gottschalk was of the opinion that he was already too far "up" for that, but repartee is discouraged on the stage, except such as is the work of the author.

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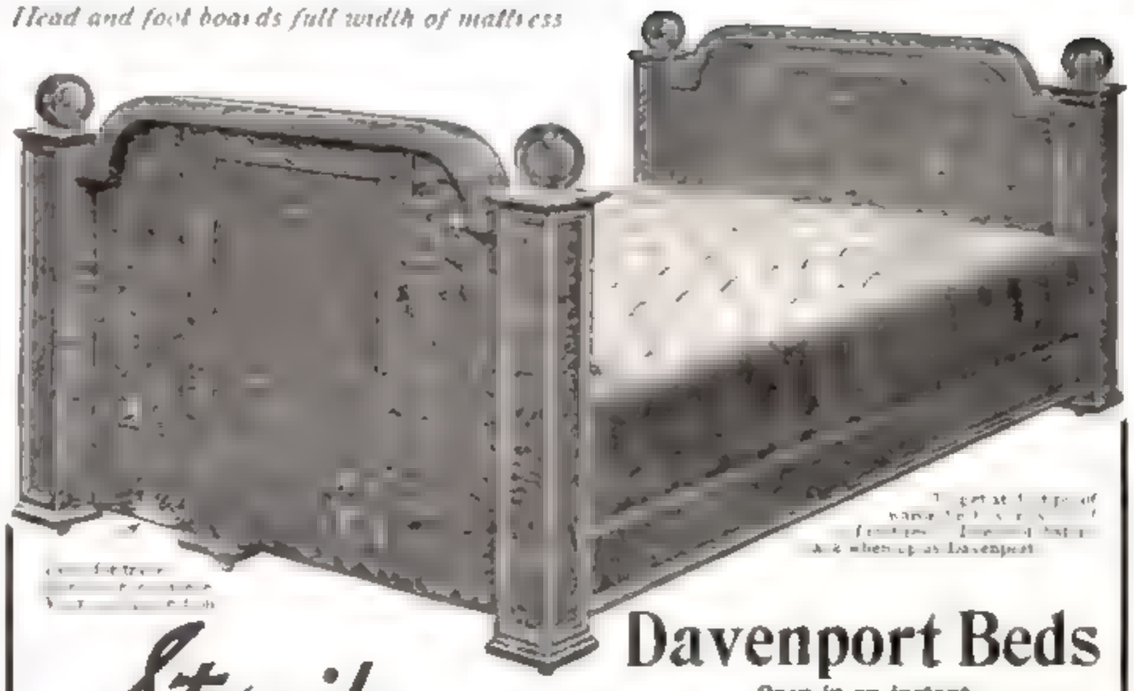

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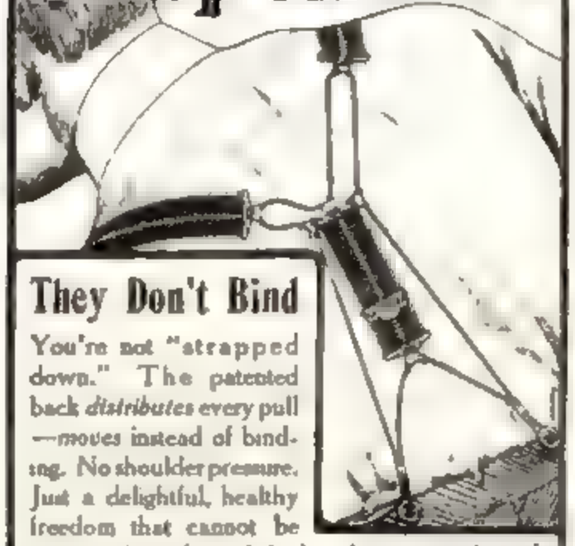

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THE QUEST OF THE COLONIAL

(*Concluded from Page 5*)

Nor must all "Colonial furniture" necessarily be of mahogany. There is no such narrowing limitation. Mahogany is the most beautiful of all wood for this purpose, yet many of the finest old shapes are of walnut or hickory or cherry or oak or ash. The greater part of the finest old French furniture, too, was not of mahogany.

With the furniture of the past there should go the brass and the iron, the silver and the pewter, of the corresponding time. Certain prints and silver and porcelain from the other side of the Atlantic, if they harmonize in design and period, are acquisitions.

Fate was very complaisant to us in those early days of our gathering. It is likely enough that, had there then been numerous disappointments, our ardor would have been chilled. But, as encouragement at the commencement, and marking the ever-existent possibility of finding prizes in unexpected places, we secured a distinguished pair of brass andirons at a place where it would have been deemed absolutely impossible to get them.

That impracticable place was Blennerhassett Island! For almost every particle of the furnishings of that stately mansion which made the island famous was lost in the fire and looting which followed the failure of Burr to carve for himself, out of the West, an empire that was to wax strong among the nations of the earth. Now but the barest vestiges of the foundations of the mansion are to be seen.

And yet, when we went there, we found a treasure out of the past! And it was not something offered, by an island resident, as having belonged to Blennerhassett or as having been used by Burr.

There had been a heavy flood in the Ohio; one of those floods which come every dozen years or so, when the stream swells to mighty volume and overflows vast stretches of land and sweeps away fences and houses and barns.

In walking about the little island, with a man who had long lived there, and who was well acquainted with the outlines of the great, semi-circular house, with the site of the old-time landing-place, with the curious local history, he remarked that Blennerhassett had not chosen most wisely from the standpoint of one who wished to use the island for residence purposes only, because, rich as it is as farm land, and superbly located as it is in the midst of the bending stream, it becomes periodically untenable.

Then, thus reminded, he went on to tell how, driven to the mainland by the last flood, he watched the water's steady rise during the day, and next morning, looking across at his submerged island from his West Virginia refuge, he saw that a dwelling-house had stranded there. In the course of the day he was able, with a companion, to row over to it. No one was within. But the furniture was in place, just as the fleeing family had left it; and the two men put into their boat this pair of acorn-top andirons, which they lifted from the hearth, and a little round-topped hair trunk which was standing in a corner.

Another morning came; but the river had risen afresh in the night, and had picked up the stranded house and carried it away. They opened the trunk, but there was nothing in it to give the slightest hint as to where the house had floated from. It might have floated a hundred miles or more. A mystery it had come, and had but touched there for a few hours on its way to the oblivion into which it disappeared.

The man, although impressed by the strangeness of it all, clearly set no particular value on what he had found: his "plunder," as he called it. He showed the andirons, and we admired them.

"Shouldn't you like to trade those for a hammock?"

It was certainly a curious thing for two travelers to have, and, in truth, it was an odd chance that it happened to be in our possession at the psychic moment. We had left it on the mainland while we rowed over to the island, and it had seen a summer's use.

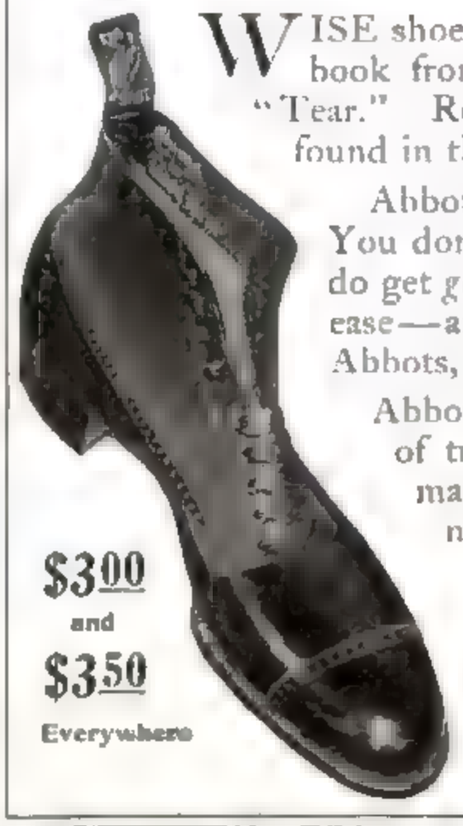
The unexpectedness of a hammock appealed to him.

"Yes; if I like the looks of it," he said.

He liked it, and the precious andirons became ours.

Our Lares and Penates were to be of mahogany and brass!

WEAR AND TEAR



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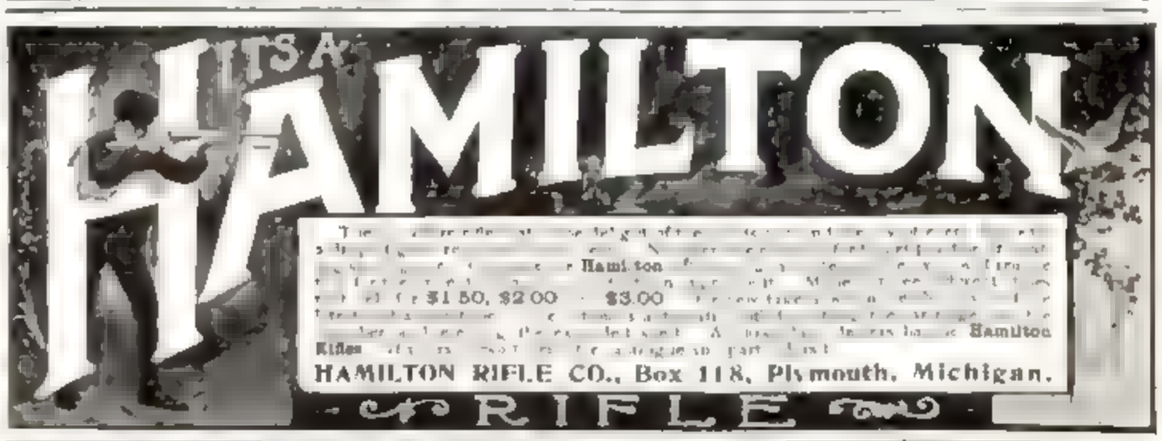
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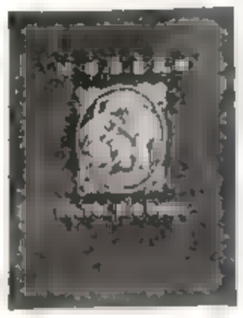

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The Incomplete Amorist

(Continued from Page 11)

"Do sit down," she said. "I'm glad you came—because I know exactly what you mean, now."

"If the knowledge were only mutual!" sighed Lady St. Craye, and found courage to raise her eyebrows wearily.

"You don't like my going about with Mr. Vernon. Well, you've only to say so. Only when you're married you'll find you've got your work cut out to keep him from having any friends except you."

Lady St. Craye had the best of reasons for believing this likely to be the truth. She said, "When I'm married?"

"Yes," said Betty firmly. "You're jealous: you've no cause to be—and I tell you that because I think being jealous must hurt. But it would have been nicer of you if you'd come straight to me and said: 'Look here, I don't like you going about with the man I'm engaged to.' I should have understood then, and respected you. But to come like a child's Guide to Knowledge——"

The other woman was not listening. "Engaged to him!" The words sang deliciously, disquietingly in her ears. "But who said I was engaged to him?"

He did, of course. He isn't ashamed of it—if you are."

"He told you that?"

"Yes. Now aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Country-bred Betty, braced by the straightforward directness of Miss Voscoe, and full of the nervous energy engendered by a half-understood trouble, had routed, for a moment, the woman of the world. But only for a moment. Then Lady St. Craye, unable to estimate the gain or loss of the encounter, pulled herself together to make good her retreat.

"Yes," she said with her charming smile "I am ashamed of myself. I *was* jealous I own it. But I shouldn't have shown it as I did if I'd known the sort of girl you are. Come, forgive me! Can't you understand—and forgive?"

"It was all my fault." The generosity of Betty hastened to meet what it took to be the generosity of the other. "Forgive me I won't see him again at all—if you don't want me to."

"No, no." Even at that moment, in one illuminating flash, Lady St. Craye saw the awkward explications that should come after the announcement of that renunciatory decision. "No, no. If you do that I shall feel sure that you don't forgive me for being so silly. Just let everything go on—won't you? And please—please don't tell him anything about—about to-day."

"How could I?" asked Betty.

"Ah, you're still angry. And no wonder. Do forgive me, Miss Desmond, and let's be friends."

Betty's look as she gave her hand was doubtful. But the hand was given.

"And you'll keep my poor little secret?"

"I should have thought you would be proud for him to know how much you care."

"Ah, my dear"—Lady St. Craye became natural for an instant under the transfiguring influence of her real thoughts as she spoke them—"my dear, don't believe it! When a man's sure of you he doesn't care any more. It's while he's not quite sure that he cares."

"I don't think that's so always," said Betty.

"Believe me, there are 'more ways of killing a cat than choking it with butter.' Forgive the homely aphorism. When you have a lover of your own—or perhaps you have now?"

"Perhaps I have." Betty stood on guard with a steady face.

"Well, when you have—or if you have—remember never to let him be quite sure. It's the only way."

The two parted with a mutually kindly feeling that surprised one as much as the other. Lady St. Craye drove home contrasting bitterly the excellence of her maxims with the ineptitude of her practice. She had let him know that she cared.

She had time to think in the days that followed: days that brought Temple to her doors, but Vernon never.

Betty, left alone, let down her damp hair and tried to resume her drawing. But it would not do. The emotion of the interview was too recent. Her heart was beating

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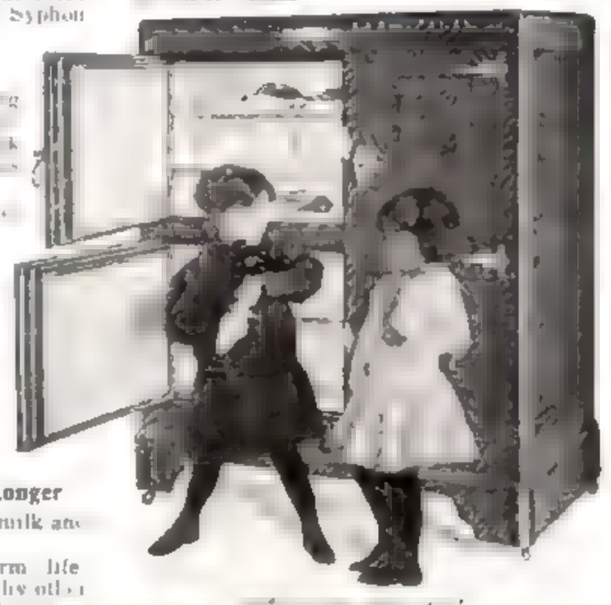

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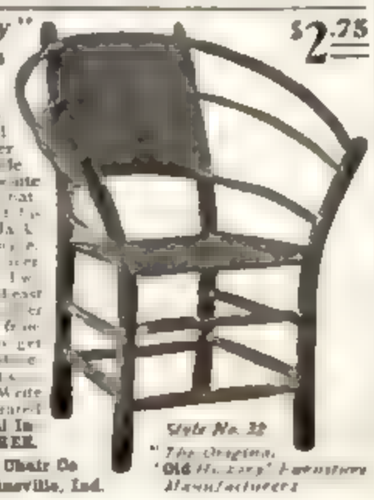

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still with anger, and resentment, and other feelings less easily named.

Vernon was to come to fetch her at seven She would not face him. Let him go and dine with the woman he belonged to!

Betty went out at half-past six. She would not go to Garnier's nor to Thirion's. That was where he would look for her.

She walked steadily on down the boulevard. She would dine at some place she had never been to before. A sickening vision of that first night in Paris swam before her. She saw again the Café d'Harcourt. In that rout the face of Temple shone—clear cut, severe. She remembered the instant resentment that had thrilled her at his protective attitude; remembered it and wondered at it a little. She would not have felt that now. She knew her Paris better than she had done then.

And, with the thought, the face of Temple came toward her out of the crowd. He raised his hat in response to her frigid bow, and had almost passed her when she spoke on an impulse that surprised herself:

"Oh Mr. Temple!"

He stopped and turned.

"I was looking for a place to dine. I'm tired of Garnier's and Thirion's."

He hesitated. And he, too, remembered the night at the Café d'Harcourt, when she had disdained his advice and gone back to take the advice of Paula. He caught himself assuring himself that a man need not be ashamed to risk being snubbed—making a fool of himself even—if he could do any good. So he said: "You know I have horrid, old-fashioned ideas about women ——" and stopped short.

"Don't you know of any good, quiet place near here?" said Betty.

"Now you give me courage," he said. "I do know a quiet little place quite near here. And, as you haven't any of your friends with you, won't you take pity on me and let me dine with you?"

"You're sure you're not giving up some nice engagement—just to—to be kind to me?" she asked. And the forlornness of her tone made him almost forget that he had half promised to join a party of Lady St. Craye's at the Théâtre Français that evening.

"I should like to come with you—I should like it of all things," he said; and he said it convincingly.

They dined together, and the dinner was unexpectedly pleasant to both of them. They talked of England, of wood, field and meadow, and Betty found herself talking to him of the garden at home and of the things that grew there, as she had talked to Paula, and as she had never talked to Vernon.

"It's so lovely all the year," she said. "When the last mignonette's over, there are the chrysanthemums, and then the Christmas roses, and ever so early in January the winter aconite and the snowdrops, and the violets under the south wall. And then the little green daffodil leaves come up and the buds, though it's weeks before they turn into flowers. And if it's a mild winter the primroses—just little baby ones—seem to go on all the time."

"Yes," he said, "I know. And the wallflowers, they're green all the time. And the monthly roses, they flower at Christmas. And then when the real roses begin to bud and when June comes—and you're drunk with the scent of red roses—the kind you always long for at Christmas ——"

"Oh, yes," said Betty; "do you feel like that, too? And if you get them, they're soft, limp-stalked things, like caterpillars half disguised as roses by some incompetent fairy. Not like the stiff, solid, heavy, velvet roses, with thick green leaves and heaps of thorns. Those are the roses one longs for."

"Yes," he said. "Those are the roses one longs for." And an odd pause punctuated the sentence.

But the pause did not last. There was so much to talk of—now that old barrier of resentment, wattled with remorse, was broken down. It was an odd revelation to each—the love of the other for certain authors, certain pictures, certain symphonies, certain dramas. The discovery of this sort of community in tastes is like the meeting in far, foreign countries of a man who speaks the tongue of one's motherland. The two lingered long over their coffee, and the Grand Marnier which their liking for The Garden of Lies led to their ordering. Betty had forgotten Vernon, forgotten Lady St. Craye, in the delightful interchange of:

"Oh, I do like ——"

"And don't you like ——"

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"I've liked it, too," said Betty.

"And it's awful jolly," he went on, "to feel that you've forgiven me"—the speech suddenly became difficult—"at least I mean to say ——" he ended lamely.

"It's I who ought to be forgiven," said Betty. "I'm very glad I met you. I've enjoyed our talk ever so much."

. . . . . .

Vernon spent an empty evening, and waylaid Betty as she left her class next day.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I couldn't help it. I suddenly felt I wanted something different. So I dined at a new place."

"Alone?" said Vernon.

"No," said Betty with her chin in the air.

Vernon digested, as best he might, his first mouthful of jealousy—real downright, sickening jealousy. The sensation astonished him so much that he lacked the courage to dissect it.

"Will you dine with me to-night?" was all he found to say.

"With pleasure," said Betty.

But it was not with pleasure that she dined. There was something between her and Vernon. Both felt it, and both attributed it to the same cause.

The three dinners that followed in the next fortnight brought none of that old light-hearted companionship which had been the gayest of table-decorations. Something was gone—lost—as though a royal rose had suddenly faded, a rainbow-colored bubble had broken.

"I'm glad," said Betty; "if he's engaged I don't want to feel happy with him."

She did not feel happy without him. The inward monitor grew more and more insistent. She caught herself wondering how Temple, with the serious face and the honest eyes, would regard the lies, the trickeries, the whole tissue of deceit that had won her the chance of following her own art, of living her own life.

Vernon understood, presently, that not even that evening at Thirion's could give the key to this uncomfortable change. He had not seen Lady St. Craye since the night of the kiss.

It was after the fourth flat dinner with Betty that he said good-night to her early and abruptly, and drove to Lady St. Craye's.

She was alone. She rose to greet him, and he saw that her eyes were dark-rimmed and her lips rough.

"This is very nice of you," she said. "It's nearly a month since I saw you."

"Yes," he said. "I know it is. Do you remember the last time? Hasn't that taught you not to play with me?"

The kiss was explained now. Lady St. Craye shivered.

"I don't know what you mean," she said feebly.

"Oh, yes, you do! You're much too clever not to understand. Come to think of it, you're much too everything—too clever, too beautiful, too charming, too everything."

"You overwhelm me," she made herself say.

"Not at all. You know your points. What I want to know is just one thing—and that's the thing you're going to tell me."

She drew her dry lips inward to moisten them.

"What you do want to know? Why do you speak to me like that? What have I done?"

"That's what you're going to tell me."

"I shall tell you nothing—while you ask in that tone."

"Won't you? How can I persuade you?" His tone caressed and stung. "What arguments can I use? Must I kiss you again?"

She drew herself up; called wildly on all her powers to resent the insult. Nothing came at her call.

"What do you want me to tell you?" she asked, and her eyes implored the mercy she would not consciously have asked.

He saw, and he came a little nearer to her—looking down at her upturned face with eyes before which her own fell.

"You don't want another kiss?" he said. "Then tell me what you've been saying to Miss Desmond."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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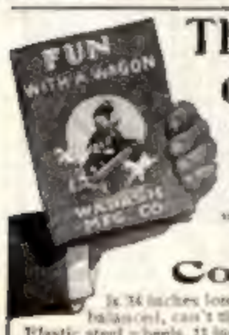

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The Revolution of the Century

(Concluded from Page 9)

most in China. The great Yellow Empire with her four hundred millions of subjects was the prize for which Russia and Japan contended in the recent war. Korea and Port Arthur were but trifles. The dread of Japanese domination in China led Germany and France to make common cause in ejecting the Japanese from the mainland of Asia. All the European Powers felt more or less that the exploitation of China by European capitalists was imperiled by the apparition of a victorious Japan upon Chinese territory. Hence, during the late war, there was hardly a European in China who was not heart and soul on the Russian side. Their sympathies did not affect the issue of the struggle, and the peace of Portsmouth transferred the overlordship of China from Europe to Japan.

China's Japanization

The results were not long in making their appearance. Japanese military instructors were imported by the Chinese provincial authorities for the purpose of drilling the Chinese troops. Every steamer carried Chinese students to Japan, who after a brief sojourn returned to the mainland full of the idea of encouraging their countrymen to follow the example of Japan. There are said to be over 8000 Chinese students in Japan at the present time. China also wishes to be lord in her own house. She has learned the importance of the boycott, and by its judicial application she has compelled even the mighty American Republic to reconsider the necessity of amending the Exclusion Laws. Japanese advisers and instructors have been installed at the headquarters of the various provincial governors. Already the Chinese are talking about China for the Chinese. No more concessions are to be granted to "the foreign devils," and those already granted are, if possible, to be withdrawn.

The effect of the disappearance of the Russian Empire as an efficient fighting force upon the high seas will perhaps be less felt as a disturbing element in the balance of power than might be anticipated. It cannot be separated from the effect which the effacement of Russian land force will have upon the Franco-Russian alliance. France has lost her shield and buckler of defense, Germany has been relieved from the need of being prepared for war on two fronts. The net effect has been to make the Kaiser supreme in Europe. But for the fact that his fleet is and must be little more than a hostage in the hands of Great Britain—at least until such time as his naval program is carried out—the Kaiser would practically be dictator of the Continent. France single-handed does not even hope to do more than wage a hard defensive fight against a German invasion. Austria, distracted and divided, lies in the hollow of his hand. The Sultan is practically his vassal. Neither Italy nor Spain could venture to bid him defiance. Even the British Russophobes are making the tardy discovery that a strong Russian Empire is indispensable for the peace of the world.

After a time, how long no one can say, after an unexampled slaughter of human beings by famine and by sword, Russia will emerge in some more or less recognizable shape and slowly begin to find her new place in the country of nations. It is difficult to see how she can avoid bankruptcy, and bankruptcy carries with it the loss of the borrowing power by which alone she can secure the capital necessary to develop her resources. If, however, the new Russia, which will emerge purified by her blood-bath, sobered by her afflictions, should forswear militarism, abandon the fond dream of reconstructing her navy, and abolish the monstrous protective tariff which has choked the life out of her peasantry, then the world would witness a scene of recuperation and of development such as may parallel the industrial progress of the United States after the great Civil War. For Russia is a world whose resources have been only scratched; the latent energies of her people stimulated by liberty and education may confer inestimable benefits upon civilization and humanity. But between that far-off divine ideal and the present there is a great gulf fixed—"a Red Sea whose surges are of gore."

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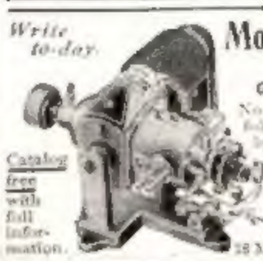

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